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Allegiances

FlameClan

Leader:
Flamestar- Dark ginger tabby tom with flame red tabby markings, chest, belly, and paws with forest green eyes.

Deputy:
Jumpingjay- Blue/gray tom with black stripes and blue eyes.

Medicine Cat:
Ashcloud- Dark gray she-cat with a black patch over one eye and a black muzzle and dark blue eyes. -Volepaw

Medicine Cat Apprentice:
Volepaw- Brown tom with ruffled fur and a long tail with brown eyes.

Warriors:
Lionclaw- Light ginger tom with one lighter front paw, sharp claws and yellow eyes.

Poppyseed- Light brown she-cat with a tan diamond on her chest and amber eyes.

Darkgaze- Black she-cat with a dark gray ear and dark blue eyes that seem black. -Sparrowpaw

Hawksoar- Brown tabby tom with a white muzzle, white flash on his chest and paws with emerald green eyes.

Acornfall- Dark chocolate tom with dark brown eyes. -Sunpaw

Tigerflower- Tan she-cat with scar-like dark tabby stripes and amber eyes.

Fawnfrost- Golden she-cat with flecks of white and golden eyes. -Viperpaw

Goldensun- Golden-brown she-cat with a speckled pelt and bright golden/caramel eyes.

Fallenheart- Pale gray she-cat with pale blue eyes. -Deerpaw

Redeye- Pure white tom with red paws and red eyes.

Doveflight- Extremely pale gray she-cat, almost white, with black tabby markings and icy blue eyes.

Sandpatch- Ginger tom with white speckles and dull green eyes, almost gray. -Applepaw

Apprentices:
Viperpaw- Brown tom with tabby stripes and a black tail with amber eyes. -Fawnfrost

Sparrowpaw- Dark gray tom with a white chest and blue eyes. -Darkgaze

Sunpaw- Bright ginger she-cat with lighter stripes and orange eyes. -Acornfall

Deerpaw- Light brown she-cat with white speckles and a bobbed white tail and light brown eyes. -Fallenheart

Applepaw- Red tom with darker paws and amber eyes. -Sandpatch

Queens:
Snowfall- Pure white she-cat with bright blue eyes. (Clearkit, Featherkit and Dustkit)

Lilyflower- Sandy colored she-cat with emerald green eyes. (Stormkit and Reedkit)

Swiftbird- Pale gray she-cat with streaks of darker gray and ice blue eyes. (Expecting)

IceClan

Leader:
Icestar- Gray/blue she-cat with dark blue eyes.

Deputy:
Rainstorm- Gray tabby tom with ice blue eyes. -Icypaw

Medicine Cat:
Flowerfall- Brown she-cat with unusual short and dark stripes along her flank and spine with one emerald green eye and another a bright violet. -Riverpaw

Medicine Cat Apprentice:
Riverpaw- Light gray/blue tom with forest green eyes. -Flowerfall

Warriors:
Rainpool- Light gray she-cat with flecks of a blue/gray and pale blue eyes.

Foxtail- Black tom with a bushy black tail, white paws, chest, belly, tail tip, and muzzle with dark brown/golden eyes.

Vineswirl- Sandy gray she-cat with a brown speckles dotting her pelt, a swirled/curled tail and forest green eyes.

Brownpatch- White tom with curls in his hair, gray and brown ears and muzzle with a patch of brown near his rump and light brown eyes.

Brightpath- White she-cat with extremely light gray patches along her pelt and icy blue eyes.

Frostpelt- Light gray she-cat with streaks of white and dark blue eyes.

Apprentices:
Snowpaw- Pure white tom with a black patch and blue eyes. -Brightpath

Icypaw- Light gray/blue she-cat with icy blue eyes. -Rainstorm

Hailpaw- Dark gray tom with white patches and amber eyes. -Vineswirl

Sootpaw- Black tom with amber eyes. -Foxtail

Queens:
Cheetahspirit- Brown she-cat with a speckled pelt and dark green eyes. (Eaglekit, Acornkit and Rabbitkit)

Bluestorm- Dark gray with a tint of blue she-cat with dark blue eyes. (Expecting)

DarkClan

Leader:
Darkstar- Pure black tom with amber eyes. -Hollowpaw

Deputy:
Grayshadow- Gray tom with blue eyes.

Medicine Cat:
Littleclaw- Dark tortoiseshell she-cat with unusual small claws and green eyes. -Seapaw

Medicine Cat Apprentice:
Seapaw- Brown tom with patches of gray and blue eyes. -Littleclaw

Warriors:
Snakepath- Skinny light brown tom with flecks of dark brown, speckles, a flash of white for a muzzle and amber/green eyes.

Birdflight- Pale gray she-cat with a black paw and green eyes.

Crowcall- Black tom with dark green eyes. -Whitepaw

Wiltedpetal- Brown she-cat with large black spots and blue eyes.

Fishleap- Gray tom with a speckled pelt, two white paws and dark blue eyes. -Blackpaw

Smokecloud- Dark gray tom with a white patch over his eye and extremely dark violet eyes.

Snarlface- Light brown tabby tom with a crooked hiss and snarl with amber eyes. -Falconpaw

Apprentices:

Blackpaw- Pure black tom with light gray eyes. -Fishleap

Hollowpaw- Tan tom with green eyes. -Darkstar

Whitepaw- Pure white she-cat with a scar-like black mark over above his eye with blue eyes. -Crowcall

Falconpaw- Dark brown tom with a white underbelly and forest green eyes. -Snarlface

Queens:
Reedfur- Dark gray she-cat with a light shade of dark red and blood red eyes. (Expecting)

AirClan

Leader:
Airstar- White tom with a light gray tail and light blue eyes.

Deputy:
Windfoot- White tom with big splotchy black patches and golden eyes.

Medicine Cat:
Spottedsnow- Tortoiseshell she-cat with golden eyes. -Leafpaw

Medicine Cat Apprentice:
Leafpaw- White she-cat with brown patches and leaf green eyes. -Spottedsnow

Warriors:
Bumbleflight- Light gray tabby tom with light blue eyes.

Rattail- Brown tom with ruffled fur and round gray eyes and a thin tail. -Leopardpaw

Dawnsky- Bright gray she-cat with a weird shade of blue/orange spread across her pelt and violet eyes.

Cherrydrop- Dark ginger tabby she-cat with orange eyes and curled ears. -Mousepaw

Kestrelsplash- Light brown/tan tabby tom with golden eyes.

Nettlespike- Black tom tom with a shade of dark brown and amber eyes.

Silverdusk- Silver she-cat with bright blue eyes. -Cedarpaw

Apprentices:
Cederpaw- Dark gray/silver she-cat with amber eyes. -Silverdusk

Leopardpaw- Dark brown tabby she-cat with thick spots and stripes and green eyes. -Rattail

Mousepaw- Brown tom with a dark brown tail and legs with golden eyes. -Cherrydrop

Queens:
Glowingwave- Ginger she-cat with thick white stripes going from her neck to her flank and bright blue eyes. (Yellowkit and Raggedkit)

Outsiders

Dog Bone- White tom with scars all over is flank and spine and blood-red eyes. (**Loner**)

Dying Soul- Dark gray tom with ragged fur, a missing eye and a crooked paw with amber eyes. (**Rogue**)

Sydney- White she-cat with brown patches and dark blue eyes. (**Kittypet**)

Missing Foot- Brown tom with no tail and three legs, extremely sharp claws with forest green eyes. (**Rogue**)

Prologue

I *could see myself in a wave of blood, it's thick substance raining down on me as I choked and heaved. My body was trembling with fear as another heavy wave splattered my white pelt, staining it a dark red shade. I was yowling in fear, hoping someone would pick out my screeches but with the bubbling waves of blood pouring me under the surface, and the struggle to breathe, I couldn't see anything, nor hear or feel. My head was spinning with thoughts as I shut my eyes, a wave splintering me once again, and forcing me under. I gagged from the taste, and tried scrambling to the top, but it was no use. Every inch I swam up, another wave would come crashing down on me, pushing me farther down. I gave up, my head hanging, my whole body limp, and my eyes closed as I knew this was the end.*

I choked on my breath as my head shot up in alarm, my gaze wide and my fur bristling. My pelt felt wet as if I had just been in a massive rainstorm, and it smelled of stale cat blood. Snowfall was staring at me worriedly, her rough tongue softly rasping along my white and ginger fur. A grumble of embarrassment came from Dustkit, his sleek brown fur already groomed and sleeked down. His dark green gaze bored into my own, a hint of jealousy flashing in them. I returned his look with a glimmer of anger. I rested my head on the soft moss that make-shifted underneath me, my eyes coming to a close as the comforting lick of my mother calmed me down.

Light grey fur glistened in the beaming sun in front of me. The sun poured itself through the twigs of the nursery and outlined Featherkit's figure as her wide gaze drifted around the camp. She padded over to my side, licked my flattened ear and glanced over toward my brother, who was staring angrily toward us. I snorted in response and he grumbled while tucking his dark paws underneath his chest. "Just ignore him," Featherkit muttered, a slight ring of humor echoing in her voice.

I growled and rolled my eyes before escaping from their grasps, annoyance flashing in my eyes. "I can fend for myself, thanks." I

murmured, flicking my tail before glancing back over to Dustkit's nest, only to realize he had disappeared. I groaned in embarrassment and plopped down next to my mother once more. I lowered my head, not wanting to meet the gazes of my mother or sister.

"Come on now, Clearkit." Snowfall urged, a loving purr rumbling deep in her throat. "Tell me what you saw." My mother was the only one who knew about my dark dreams. I had told her one evening after waking in a fright from my first nightmare, and told her what I had seen. Featherkit glanced at my mother, her gaze was puzzled. Snowfall's soft blue eyes rested on my sister's. "We'll talk later, love. Go on and play now." She meowed, nudging Featherkit toward the opening of the nursery. My sister veered away from us as if she was hoping to overhear something, but then padded out of the den with no luck. I watched her tail blend into the suns bright beams, before turning to face my mother's serious face.

"It wouldn't be smart to speak of your dreams to anyone else, Clearkit. Do you understand that?" She said firmly, giving me a hard stare. All I did was swallow what seemed to be a large rock lodged in my throat, my gray gaze widened. "Why not?" I exclaimed, curling up to her soft white belly. A soft purr rumbled in Snowfall's throat as she softly licked my small head. "Because, my dear." She meowed, without giving me a full explanation. I frowned, knowing she wouldn't discuss it further. I tucked my tail around my chest, and rested my head on my ginger paws. I slowly lifted my gaze towards her, and noticed the fresh look of fear striking through her magnificent blue eyes as she stared blankly at the stone wall. I quickly swooped my head back down to my paws, curiosity swarming in my mind. I wondered what she must be thinking about, and why it made her fearful.

Chapter 1

[image]

My peaceful sleep was interrupted by a series of soft bundles attacking me, causing my tired eyes to open in alarm. The bright sun blinded me, it's harsh gaze beaming rays of light into the nursery like the stars from Silverpelt. Through the light, I recognized the faces of Dustkit, Featherkit, Stormkit, and Reedkit staring at me with eagerness dazzling in each of their eyes. "Wake up you big furball!" Dustkit hissed, kneading the ground anxiously. Stormkit glared at him before gazing back at me with a wide grin. "We're going to explore camp!" He said more gently, his soft brown gaze resting on mine. I blinked excitedly, the tiredness fading from my body as I bounced to my paws. The soft moss from my nest clung to my pelt. I bounded out of the den, the remnants of the bedding that stuck to my fur flowing off. The scurrying of paws followed my lead and I glanced back at them with a glimmer of excitement before accidentally toppling over Swiftbird and her large belly. She glared at me, but a glimpse of amusement shined in her soft eyes. I mumbled an apology, giving my chest a few embarrassed licks. I eyed her swollen stomach, and the heart-warming news that she was expecting Lionclaw's kits made my paws tingle in excitement to know I'd have new friends to play with.

Turning tail, I leaped away from the upcoming mother and her milky scent and glanced around the camp. A group of warriors walked by, giving my friends and I soft gazes as they passed. They disappeared through the ferns of the entrance to the camp, the leaves sparkling with fresh dew.

I bounded ahead after the warriors vanished into the forest. A small rock alarmed me as it knocked me off my paws and tumbled me into a strong leg. My eyes widened as I realized I must've disturbed a warrior, so I scrambled to my paws and shook my fur embarrassedly. Kits were seen as clumsy and careless to most, and I had seemed to prove that to the warrior I bumped into. "Oh! Sorry!"

I exclaimed nervously. A low growl rumbled above me, and I glanced up to meet the cold stare of my father.

"What do you think you're doing?" He mumbled, flicking the dirt off his paw. I glanced back towards my group of friends, who were all staring with wide eyes. Dustkit on the other hand gazed up at Sandpatch with a respectful gaze. "Uh.. Snowfall let us out to explore!" I mewled. My father always gave me a fright. His strong, muscular build and his fierce gaze made me uneasy. A groan came from above his ginger belly, and I backed away to stand beside my brother. The brown tom-kit rolled his eyes and padded up to our father, touching noses with him.

"You shouldn't be out here." Sandpatch muttered to me, his tail flicking. My gray gaze blinked up at him, annoyance flashing through them. "But Snowfall let us!" I protested, my tail lashing. Sandpatch gave me a harsh stare, causing my ears to flatten against my head.

"You can't be out here stumbling into your Clanmates. It makes you look clumsy." He grumbled, his ear twitching. He bent down and shared a lick with Dustkit, gazing one last time at me before padding away to join Flamestar and Jumpingjay. I mumbled annoyance to myself, hating how Dustkit was and always would be his favorite.

Dustkit noticed my remarks and gave me a cold stare. "He's a senior warrior, the most trusted one in the Clan. You're making him look like a fool raising a kit like you." He hissed at me, lashing his tail. I glared at him, a flash of hurt glittering in my eyes, but I said nothing.

Fury made my fur rise. Thoughts always swirled around my head when it came to the point when Dustkit teased me and made remarks.

My thoughts were shattered when Reedkit softly prodded me. "Come on, let's go." He urged, dashing away towards a hollowed out stone wall with only a few cats sleeping inside.

"This is the apprentices den." Stormkit exclaimed, poking his head

inside. I followed his gaze, my eyes sweeping across the big exposure.

"What do you think you're doing?" A voice sounded above us, and my head quickly darted towards the cat who had spoken.

I was greeted by a strong, bold apprentice standing over me with his glossy dark gray fur sleek to his body. My eyes lurched towards Stormkit, who was scowling weakly at the apprentice.

Confused, I turned back to see the apprentices gaze soften and brighten up to see me. "You must be Clearkit, Snowfall's daughter?" He asked with a small, gentle smile gleaming on his face.

I blinked. "Yeah, that's me." I squeaked. He chuckled, his blue eyes seeming to stare into my soul. My eyes trailed down his fluffy coat, trying to get every trace of detail. He had light blue eyes that gleamed, a furry white chest with specks of gray, and his whole coat was covered in dark gray tufts. My eyes glittered in gratitude and respect.

"Who are yo-" I was cut off by an abrupt snort.

"That's Sparrowpaw." I heard Stormkit mumble. My eyes rested on my friend's sleek gray fur, and noticed his usual soft brown eyes were lit like blazing flames.

"Why do you sound so annoyed?" I questioned irritably. "He's just introducing himself. No harm in that, right?" I added. Stormkit rolled his eyes, making Reedkit take a step forward.

"Honestly?" Stormkit's brother muttered, obviously irritated by this unnecessary attitude. He started whispering quiet scolds in Stormkit's ear, making the gray kit have a guilty look paint over the one before it.

"Sorry." He murmured under his breath, shuffling his paws. I rolled my eyes and looked back up at the apprentice, who was staring at all five of us with complete and utter confusion.

"Our apologies." Dustkit blustered, his eyes narrowed. "These mousebrains don't give a foxdung!" He hissed, giving me a cold

stare. I curled my lip at his language. He was only just a kit!

Sparrowpaw was taken aback by his remark, and scoffed silently, glaring at the brown kit with meaningful shock. "You shouldn't say such things like that. You're not even six moons old yet." He muttered, and at once he flipped around, stalking away, his fluffy tail wagging in annoyance.

I watched him go, but then realized he had stopped and turned back around to face me. "My name is Sparrowpaw, by the way. It was good finally meeting you." Then, he vanished inside his den.

I spat and whacked my brother, trying to give him a nasty scratch, but my paws were too small to produce those razor sharp blades that most warriors were gifted with.

Dustkit snarled and tried snagging my shoulder, till I felt the weight of the brown kit pushed off of me by a much stronger tom.

"Stop!" Sandpatch snarled, his eyes burning green flames. I flattened my ears in embarrassment. He stared at me furiously. "Start acting like a warrior, Clearkit, or that tom will never want a friend like you!" He growled, his muzzle only a whisker away from my face. I trailed my eyes to my paws.

"I only just met him and I just wanted to look like a good influence on the Clan." I whispered silently, my head bowed in shame.

My father snorted. "Well your sure not achieving your goal. I have no choice but to go and report your behavior to Flamestar." He acknowledged before stalking away without another word.

The quickness of my father's scold made me sniffle. My eyes were round with despair.

Why would my father do that? He's supposed to support and help me, not go against me!

Being the small and innocent kit I was, I darted back towards the nursery in a flash, my eyes glistening with tears as the disrespect towards me over-washed me.

As I entered the nursery, my mind had blanked on the camp tour, and I did not wish to be put in the spotlight like that again.

(Hey Batcats!
First chapter y'all.
Y'all. First time typed that and possibly the last.
Anyways I hope your enjoying the story so far!
It's not much, but hopefully it introduces most of the characters!
I've finished editing this chapter!
YAY!
Anyways thanks for reading, commenting, sharing, and voting for this story!
It means a lot to me!
Peace ✌□□
~Cleo)

Chapter 2

I dashed inside the nursery, it's milky scent wafting my nose. Tears made my eyes blurry as I stumbled into my mother, who was sleeping peacefully in the soft moss bedding. Her white head shot up in alarm, her magnificent blue eyes glimmering with worry.

"Clearkit?" She mumbled, staring down at me. Almost everyone in the nursery was now staring at us. My muzzle was pressed against her soft belly, while my soft sobs vibrated through her bristled fur. She nuzzled my cheek.
"What's wrong, dear?" She asked softly. I raised my head slowly, and met her gaze. Her eyes were a motherly appearance, making me notice she was worried and ready to protect me at all costs.

I didn't want my parents to get into trouble, but I knew it was the best to tell Snowfall the mishap of what happened just moments ago.
"Sandpatch threatened me." I whispered, my voice hitched and squeaky as I was waiting for a harsh remark about my father. But there was silence. I could note the dullness bubbling in her eyes, and her tail slowly starting to lash in anger.

"That foxheart..." She murmered under her breath.

Shocked at her words, I prodded her with my paw. She stared at me, confusion flashing through her eyes like I was a complete stranger.

Thoughts whirled in my mind at how blank she became in just a few heartbeats. "Snowfall...?" I asked hesitantly, my eyes wide. She didn't respond. All she did was rise to her paws, and slowly pad out of the nursery without a word.
I was so confused, that my mind blanked and my vision corrupted into nothingness as I stared at the wall.

Did I just destroy my mothers' spirit? I asked myself. I shook my head. *That's impossible.* With the blank expression written on my face, I

didn't notice Dustkit stalking inside until he snarled at me.

My head darted to face him, the grief in my eyes slowly drifting away as I eyed the brown kit with narrowed eyes.
"Just leave me alone, Dustkit." I meowed coldly, walking past him and padding out into the open.

The sun glistened in the sky, and bird song was rapidly spreading through the forest as I perked my ears.

Lifting my muzzle and parting my jaws, I tasted the humid air. It was misty and foggy, but I could scent something else.
Stormkit! My eyes shot open to see the gray tom bounding toward me worriedly.
"You better hide." He announced as he approached me, and I could see the faint glimpses of Featherkit and Reedkit as well. The scent of confusion bursted through my pelt at his words and their quick feet in to rushing me away. "Why? What's the matter?" Featherkit was grief-stricken by the look of it, and I could hear Dustkit scowling from the nursery. My pelt started to bristle in anger. "Tell me!" I urged. Stormkit bowed his head. "Snowfall and Sandpatch are having an argument-" He started, but was cut off by Dustkit's hiss. "Yeah, and in the forest, too! I know my father and he'd do anything to show himself worthy. He doesn't like negative responses, trust me. He told me if anyone says something bad about them, he'll hurt them. I thought he was kidding by his smile, but I may be wrong now." And for the first time since I opened my eyes, I could scent the faint smell of fear coming from him.
Worry came washing in my face. "We have to go help her!" I shrieked, and without a word, I bolted out of camp.

I could hear pattering paws pounding behind me, as well as the caterwauling of my Clanmates.

"Get them!" I could hear the faint voice of Hawksoar and Poppyseed, and the race to Snowfall was on.

I couldn't let them get me.

Snowfall was in danger... Of my own father.

Chapter 3

[image]

My paws were getting sore from stumbling on pebbles and trying to get away from the cats that were gaining on us.

My mind was foggy, and I couldn't see where I was going, for I've never been in our territory before.

Blindly crashing into bushes and thick bramble, I tried tracking Snowfall's scent.
I could sense a fresh and familiar odder that over took my nose, making my ears perk with confidence.

Dashing through the forest, my muscles screaming and my eyes blurry, I made my way to a thick garden of tall grass.

Parting my jaws, Sandpatch's scent wafted my muzzle. I bursted through the weeds, and tried to keep my distance from the tracking warriors. The sight of gray, brown and black fur alerted me that all the kits made it safely into the nest of undergrowth.

A hiss sparked my attention. "You were so fast, I almost lost my footing seeing you run!" Reedkit retorted, licking his ruffled fur in annoyance. I noticed Stormkit was looking at me with a sense of pride, which made my fur on edge, and Dustkit and Featherkit were heaving to their paws and sniffing around.
"We need to hurry." I whispered, hearing Flamestar's yowl to spread out. "Before we get caught." Featherkit snorted.

As we made our way through the grass, the blades about a rabbit hop above us, my nose slowly stopped working as my surroundings all seemed the same, and the scent trail came to an abrupt stop, as did I.

"What's the matter?" Dustkit meowed, the fear in his voice choking out without resistance. "We can't take a moment off our paws!" I lifted my tail for him to stay quiet, for I heard squirming up ahead.

Pointing me ears in the direction, I stalked forwards towards the noise.
"Stay back." I snarled at them, anxiety washing over me as my pelt bristled in a sense of nervousness.

A patch of grass was in front of me, and somehow my pelt blended into the leaf-green blades.

Peering out of my spot, I could see a flash of white fur, stained in blood.
I choked, my yowl of despair not seeming to come out.

I closed my eyes. *Snowfalls dead*. I thought, apprehension overwhelming me as I softly sobbed.

After a few moments, I glanced back at the kits, who were muttering remarks and not seeming to pay attention.
I couldn't tell them. Not yet.

Slowly stepping out into the open, I saw another body with a blood-stained ginger pelt. Anger made my lip curl. *My father did this*!
Shuffling back to safety, I made my way around to get a better view.

Sticking my muzzle out, the fresh scent of blood made me gag.

My eyes peered around, till they landed on Sandpatch.

His head was drooped over Snowfalls bloody body, and I could hear the faint sobs coming from him.

Confusion made my eyes blur. *If he did this, why would he be so sad?*

As I stuck my head farther out, I could get a good glimpse of my mothers body.
Gasping silently at the sight, I shut my eyes and darted back to the kits, not noticing that I made a rustle.

The image of Snowfall kept flashing through my mind. The blood splotched on her silky fur, and her blue eyes staring blankly at nothing.
As I came to the kits, I choked on my words.

Dustkit stood up. "What happened?" He demanded, and a heartbeat later Featherkit was at his side.

"Snowfall..." I sobbed, bowing my head. "Snowfall's dead." I whispered.
Featherkit was silent, but Dustkit started snarling in despair. "How?" He screeched, clawing the dirt. "Did Sandpatch do this?"
Unsure of what to say, I looked over at Featherkit. Her eyes were slowly drifting into a blank expression of sadness that seemed to overwhelm her. I frowned.

Thinking of what to say, and remembering my fathers shaken body draped over my mother, I don't believe he did. But the blood...
I couldn't tell. My mother wouldn't want that. She knows he'd come after me if I did.

Gaining the confidence, I stared at all four kits with a determined expression.
"No." I said. "He didn't."

Stormkit and Reedkit were shocked, and their eyes were dull with despair.
"We should probably take back her body..." Featherkit managed to say. I nodded.
Please tell me Sandpatch left by now...

As we all made our way to Snowfalls body, the silence was thickening in the air in the worst way.
When I reached the grass, my eyes widened in shock.

Nothing was there. Snowfalls body was gone, and so was Sandpatch. The blood had disappeared.

Where'd it all go?

Chapter 4

[image]

Reedkit gazed up at me, his eyes clouded in confusion. "Where's Snowfall?"

I didn't know how to answer. "Her body was just here!" I exclaimed, my fur on end with anxiety. "Where would she have gone?" I mumbled, sniffing the floor for any scent of blood or the sweet taste of my mother.

"There's no trace of her!" Featherkit called, wailing in despair. "Are you lying to us? Is she still alive?"

The question sparked my thoughts. *Is she?*
"I don't know, Feath-"
"Well you should!" Dustkit retorted, the hate in his voice being as clear as night. "Your the one who witnessed her death."

He was right. I should've known where she was. Is this all a dream? Am I hallucinating? Where did she go?

"We have to find her. She's got to be somewhere." I murmured. Stormkit gave me a weird look filled with anxiety. "But she's dead." He said quietly.

I stared up to him, my green gaze dazzling with grief. "I know." I mumbled, padding into the tall grass and prodding it down with my paw. "Spread out!" I heard a sudden yowl, ringing through the blades of grass as birds chirped away in fright.

Sandpatch?

"My kits are in danger and I haven't seen Snowfall!"

"Has she taken her kits into the forest unintentionally?" A growl of mischief came from the voice that I guessed was Tigerflower. Mutters spread like wild fire as the talk of us grew heavily. Then it

died down almost instantly.

A sudden hush of silence made the air thick with tension. *Why did they stop? Did they scent us?* I thought, my fur bristling in alarm. "Step back." A low hiss spread through the eery silence. "All of you."

"Who are you?" The voice of Redeye spat, and I could tell that this newcomer arrived unintentionally, and that no one encountered the cat before.

"My name is Dog Bone." A dark voice echoed. Every cats whispers abruptly ended with a hush of fear, and I could hear my heart pounding inside my chest.

Curiousity took the better of me, as I crawled towards the murmurs of my clanmates. A hiss from Featherkit and Reedkit sounded from behind me, but I ignored it and trudged through the grass to get a bit closer.

"I was once a part of DarkClan." The loner explained. I could just get a glimpse of Flamestar and Dog Bone face to face, which made my lip curl in apprehension almost instantly.

The trees were towering above the two cats, and it seemed as if the sun had disappeared and it was moonhigh with no sign of Silverpelt.
"What are you doing here?" The bold leader meowed calmly, but his voice wavered as he wished to let out a screech of irritation. Dog Bone's white pelt was flattened in a peaceful way, but I could see out of the corner of my eye that his sharp claws were extended and his blood-shot eyes were gleaming with desire.

"Why should you say such a thing?" The loner cooed, his eyes daggers. "I just came to visit my one and only brother."

I stiffened. *Brother?* My mind started to race. *Is Dog Bone Flamestar's brother?*

Jumpingjay protectively pounced in front of his leader, his blue fur bristling.
"Get away from him!" He snarled, claws unsheathed. They weren't

nearly as long and sharp as the loners, however, and the white tom was probably twice his size.

"Don't be such a kittypet." Dog Bone snorted, his eyes rolling, giving the flame-red leader a snicker of evilness.

Flamestar stiffened, and nudged his deputy to the side, his pelt now rising with tension. "What's wrong with Sydney?" He asked, grief striking through his voice his paws wobbling nervously.
What just happened? Who's Sydney?

"Oh... You already know." Dog Bone said smoothly, grooming his big paw with graceful licks. "She just had an... Incident." He chuckled darkly.
"I wouldn't go to her twoleg nest..." He snickered, his eyes daring.
"It's pretty..." He paused, twitching an ear. "Deadly."
And with that, he was gone in a flash, his tail disappearing into the thick ferns of the forest.
The whole Clan was silent. Anxious glances spread through out the group, as they crowded around Flamestar in silence.

"Who's Sydney?" Sunpaw asked hesitantly, her ginger fur gleaming in the light. The broad leader only bowed his head.
"Sydney is my sister." He whispered, his claws digging into the dirt furiously.

"And Dog Bone's my brother."

And with that, my mind went blank, and my vision darkened, as the sudden memory of the quest to find Snowfall disappeared. But one thought was racing through my mind that wouldn't go away as the shocked gasps from the cats near by muttered through the forest.

Did Dog Bone kill my mother, as well as Flamestar's sister?

Chapter 5

(A/N: Who ships Stormkit and Clearkit, or Reedkit and Clearkit? ._. Just wondering...)

Darting back towards Stormkit, my ginger and white fur sticking up in fear, I hid behind him with wide eyes.

"Clearkit, what is it?" Dustkit hissed, his voice ringing with a sense of puzzlement. My mind was racing with thoughts, the one of my mother and Dog Bone clinging on like a claw to the flesh.

"Clearkit!" Reedkit growled, his black pelt bristling with confusion and worry. "What happened?"

I stared at all the kits, my eyes rounded with grief. "Did you hear them?" I asked, my eyes flickering to every one of them.

"No." Featherkit replied, her claws digging into the soil in anticipation. "What did they say?"
"Dog Bone is Flamestar's brother!" I shrieked, my eyes round with shock. "His sister is in danger, injured for the most part."

"How do you know?" Featherkit asked, her round gaze pleading.
"That mangy loner said so!" I hissed, my tail sticking straight up.
"Well what do we do?" Stormkit asked, face drooping with overwhelmed fear. Reedkit shrugged, facing all of us.

Before I could interpret, a loud screech rang through the forest, birds chirping frantically.
"Wake up!" Flamestar yowled, bursting through the grass. Confusion clouded my face. *What?*

Looking around at my companions, they didn't budge. Their heads turned to me, eyes dazed with a sense of insecurity. *"Wake up!"*
"What are you talking about?" I yowled, fear clinging to my pelt and not letting go. *"Clearkit, wake up, Snowfalls gone!"*

My eyes bursted open, as I scrambled to my paws, sleep fogging around my eyes. *That was all a dream? Is Snowfall alive?* Turning my head to look for her, all I could see was empty nests with the stale smell of Snowfall, Featherkit, Stormkit, Dustkit, and Reedkit.

"Hello?" I asked hesitantly, and after a heartbeat something burst through the ferns. "You're up! Finally! Come on, Snowfall's gone!" "What are you talking about?" I asked, my eyes blurred.

"Snowfall's gone!" Dustkit repeated, his gaze scanning his surroundings. "We need to find her!"

"Why are you so frantic? She could've just gone out to get some fresh air." I meowed reassuringly. He shook his head. "You don't understand." He muttered.

"What don't I understand?" I growled, eyes daggers. He looked at me with the scent of fear and grief.

"Flamestar reported he smelled a fresh scent of blood. And something he won't admit to the Clan. He's hiding something, Clearkit. Someone killed our mother, and he knows who." His eyes were clouding with grief and hate. Shocked, I stumbled past him.

Did I just dream the future?

Chapter 6

[image]

Staring back at Dustkit, my eyes wide, I took in a shaky breath.

"Do you know where she is?" My brother demanded, kneading the ground. I choked on my words, not knowing what to say.

What just happened?!

Turning back around, I flicked my tail in confusion. "I think..." I replied finally.
I could hear a small squeal come from him, as he bounced out the nursery. "Clearkit told me she knows where Snowfall is!" He meowed cheerfully.

I didn't have time to object, for I was too startled, plus Flamestar was already padding towards me in a hurry. "Do you know what happened?"

Looking my leader straight in the eye, I knew I couldn't tell him. I'd be putting myself in danger.

"No. But I think I know where she is." I said hesitantly, my voice squeaking.

The bold warrior gave me a sharp glare, then nodded. Padding out, he looked at his gathered Clan.

"Clearkit will lead me to where she predicts Snowfall is. Only Sandpatch will come along with us." The red tom announced, dipping his head to the ginger warrior. Sandpatch's eyes were glinting with mischief, but he bowed his head respectfully.

I held back a wail of protest. *Why him?*

"Come along." Sandpatch meowed gently to me, his eyes daggers as he knew that I was hiding his secret. I gulped innocently.

Darting ahead to walk beside Flamestar, Sandpatch bordered me, his ears pricking for any whispers. Flattening my ears, I kept my head up. I pretended to be cheerful as I skipped over loose stones and tree roots.

Suddenly, an overhanging bramble caught my pelt, and squealed in pain. A silent chuckle came from Sandpatch, but Flamestar didn't seem to notice as he came to my rescue, unclipping the thorny stems. "Are you okay?" He asked me gently, and I nodded. Sandpatch gave me a glint of annoyance. "You should watch where you're going, Clearkit. You're about to become an apprentice!" He exclaimed, a half-hearted smile spread on his face sarcastically.

I scoffed, closing into Flamestar. The red leader gave Sandpatch a warning glance, mixed with confusion at my fathers reaction. "We should keep going." Flamestar announced, padding away from me. I bounced to be in sync with my leader, for I didn't want to be dragging behind with the dark warrior.

I glanced back to look for him, and he was giving me a death stare, and I could see his claws unsheathed. I squealed, my fur bristling at the sight. I turned around bounding in front of Flamestar to get away from his wicked gaze. Peeking my head back at him, he was calm, and sniffing the flowers. Flicking my ear, I faced the front.

That was weird.

Stalking forward, I could hear a rustling in a patch of tall grass. *Oh dear StarClan, this is where we were in my dream!*

"Did you hear that?" I asked, my mind wandering.

Flamestar shook his head, and I heard a chirp from Sandpatch stating he didn't. A yowl split the air, and I stiffened, frozen to the ground. Flamestar and Sandpatch didn't seem to notice, for they kept walking. Confusion washed my mind. The air was still and the birds were still singing.

"What about that?" I meowed shakily.

"Clearkit, stop tricking us." Flamestar insisted. "Now, where do you

think she is?" I didn't answer.

"Clearkit!" Sandpatch hissed, tail lashing. "Don't ignore your leader."

I was silent. *"Shh.."* A voice whispered. My fur rose.
"Clearkit, what's gotten into you?" Flamestar meowed worriedly, flicking his ear.
"I hear something!" I whispered, ears perked.

"The white bone of a dog will pierce the clearest dawn, the shadows will rise with its dark spirit, the flame will burn with a spark, the air will drift with a silent breeze, and the ice will snap with great power."

The voice was familiar, and my heart started to race as I put a face to the voice.

Snowfall?

Chapter 7

[image]

"What?" Flamestar insisted, halting. My breathing was becoming heavy, as my chest rose and fell faster every heartbeat.
"I-I... I think I just received a prophecy." I stuttered quietly, my eyes widening as I stared directly at my leader.

The red tom looked at me with a mixture of fear and exasperation. He padded up to me, signaling Sandpatch to keep searching.

As the leader lead me to a clump of bramble, I awkwardly shuffled my paws. Glancing back slightly over his shoulder, I saw Sandpatch's cold gaze grazing my back, but it soon disappeared as he vanished into the undergrowth of the lush forest.

I turned my head back to where we were heading, and Flamestar stopped in front of the bramble bush.
Neatly wrapping his tail around his paws and correcting his posture, he cleared his throat and stared into my eyes. I flinched at his gaze, for it seemed to be green blazes threatening to unleash what I had to say.
"Well?" He asked simply, flicking his tail tip above his paws.

I looked around at my surroundings for a moment. The bramble bush was dotted with red berries and splintered in thorns. I glanced above. The branches of the overhanging trees seemed to lean closer towards me as their bright green leaves slightly waved in the cool breeze.

Bringing my green gaze back to his attention, I flicked my ears. "What do you want me to tell you? I have no idea where or why I received it, and I'm only just a kit." I explained, acting as if I was a senior warrior.

Flamestar narrowed his eyes. "Tell me exactly what you heard." He paused. "Take your time." He added.
I looked at my paws, staring blankly at them as my mind wandered

for any existence of the words given to me. *What was it?*

I nipped at my upper muzzle skin, concentrating. When I heard a bird's song echo through the bright trees, the prophecy slowly started to flood back into my mind.
I repeated it in my head to make sure I had it correctly.

"*The white bone of a dog will pierce the clearest dawn, the shadows will rise with its dark spirit, the flame will burn with a spark, the air will drift with a silent breeze, and the ice will snap with great power."* I whispered, just loud enough to make Flamestar's ears perk at the words.

Nodding with confidence, I lifted my gaze back to my leaders. His gaze was stunned, and his tail was now lashing with thoughts.
"Bone... Clearest dawn... The shadows of a dark spirit? What does it all mean?" He asked confused, his eyes blank and blurry.

I shrugged, my theories wandering in my mind along with his.
"Does it have to do with Snowfall?" I asked quietly.
Flamestar gave me a glance. "I don't know." He murmered. "We'll talk about this later." He meowed finally, getting to his paws. "We need to find your mother." Nodding, I followed after him as he bounded through the ferns that were poking themselves in our path. Trying to keep up, I stumbled on a rock peaking its head above the sand covered ground and almost tumbled to the floor, but I regained my footing.

As we halted in the patch of grass, we saw Sandpatch was sniffing at the grass blades, his fur twice his size.
I flattened my ears. *Why did we leave him alone? Snowfall could still be alive. What if he killed her while we were discussing?* Pure horror crossed my mind as his head lifted up, and he turned towards the both of us, his pupils dilated to a small claw-scratch.
"What is it?" Flamestar demanded, coming up to the ginger warrior. Sandpatch gave me a shocked look.

"Clearkit knew where Snowfall was. Her body is in a grass patch through these tall blades. It's deserted, but the fresh scent of blood made me come racing back here."
Flamestar gaze drifted to me, with utter shock.

With the words I wasn't expecting popped out of his mouth, it seemed as if the whole world crashed right in front of me, his question buzzing through my ears as I tensed with a feeling of fear.

"Are you... The clearest dawn?"

(A/N: DUN DUNN DUUUUUN. I know that was fast, but come on. It's called Cleardawn's Silence. Clearest dawn? Really??? They had to figure that out or you'd already know. Anyways, I'm really sorry I haven't been updating, and sorry for the short chapter! Thanks so much for reading and voting you guys, it means a lot!)

Chapter 8

[image]

Looking up at my leader, my mind froze.

Clearest dawn... Clear... Clearkit? Cleardawn? Wait a minute... Is that my warrior name?

I drifted my eyes to Sandpatch, who was glinting at me with an expression of relaxation.
I just wanted to through myself at him right then, scratching his ears off with my tiny self, but I knew I'd be punished, and that'd make my father hate me all the more.

But why would he be so calm when there was a high hope of me dying in the future?

I sighed, shrugging and shaking my head, my cheek fur fluffed up and my ears flat on my head. "How should I know? I'm only a kit."

Flamestar sighed in sync with me, knowing I was right. "We best gather Snowfall and bring her back for vigil..." The red tom mumbled, padding away from the two related cats.
Sandpatch followed, and I watched as he forced his tail to drag behind him, making a slithering path in the grounded dirt.

I curled my lip in disgust. *What a fool, pretending to grieve.*

Bounding after them, my mind whirling, I wondered who would ever want to hurt such a precious and peaceful queen who was nursing.

As we padded through the tall grass blades, my mind still wandering, I could smell the acrid scent of something that had died, which made my nose wrinkle up in disgust.

I noticed Flamestar and Sandpatch made the same exact face, their and my eyes filled with an explainable expression.

Walking towards the smell, I couldn't help but wonder how it smelled this rotten if she just went missing this morning.

Finally reaching my mother's body, my sense of smell vanished and my nose unwrinkled, forming a shocked look.

This isn't what it looked like in my dream... Oh not at all!

(A/N: Very descriptive death warning!)

Snowfall was covered in crawling bugs, going into her eye sockets and chewing away some of the skin and fur. Her once beautiful face was now rotten and mushy, filled with hundreds of maggots and flys eating her away bit by bit. Blood stained her white pelt, and for some reason it was still spilling onto the sand covered ground.
Her fur was ragged and her front paw seemed to be twisted.
Scrunching up my nose once more, my ears flat to my head and my gaze blank, I watched helplessly as my mother was slowly being chewed away, thinking of how horrible a kind of death this was.

Suddenly, to my horror, I heard the noise that made my heart stop.

A wheeze... A small.. small wheeze, and the very faint rise and fall of my mother's chest...

"Oh dear StarClan!" I shrieked. "Snowfall's still alive!"

(A/N: It's a fanfiction... I know people wouldn't survive THAT but this is fake. So yeah. And btw I told you so with the gruesome part!)

Chapter 9

[image]

Flamestar rushed over to the dying and rotting queen, not caring about the disgusting odor.
Grabbing her by the scruff, the white she-cat almost immediately sagged underneath the bold tom, her paws lightly brushing the dirt.
Sandpatch scurried over, helping Flamestar by going under Snowfall's hindquarters and lifting her away.

I watched in shock, seeing my mother being hurried back to camp.

Bounding after them, I raced in front of the two toms so they could know where the path lead.
As I pushed back the tall ferns and the crawling vines and branches on the path, the thumping of anxious paws against the ground made a chill run down my spine.

The camp was just fox lengths away now, Snowfall's life slowly fading away with every sharp and difficult breath.

At last, we made it to camp.

Everything seemed blurry. The thick blackberry bushes outlining the camp that always seemed to be lush and dotted with the sweet berries, seemed dull and fuzzy in my vision. The cats beneath me seemed to be blurred dots scattered around the camp.
I was dawned on my mother's horrible, dying body that I guess it made me gag and feel nausea, which caused my sight to blur.

Shaking my head vigorously, trying to clear my mind, I pounced down, not caring about the large, moss-covered boulders that were sleek with the fresh dew drops from this morning, also known as the stepping stones to enter camp.

Landing weakly on the wet moss ground, my paws wobbled slightly under the impact of my jump. Glancing above me, I could see Flamestar and Sandpatch carefully leading Snowfall into camp, one

paw step after another.

I watched my mother's flank rise and fall, and I soon began to panic as it seemed to worsen and slow down.

I raced away towards the medicine cat's den, the cave crawling with vines and ivy and twigs, not noticing the growing crowd of muttering and shocked cats.

"Ashcloud! Ashcloud! Hurry! Snowfall's dying!" I shrieked. Without caring for an answer, I bolted back towards the large group of my Clan mates, their eyes wide with horror as they saw Snowfall's rotten form.

"What happened?" Poppyseed meowed, her usually flat and slick brown pelt was now fluffed up and her amber eyes gleamed in terror.

"Who did this?" Another voice shrieked, and I looked to see Goldensun huddled between Fawnfrost and Acornfall, shivering with fear and grief.

Flamestar ignored them, as well as Sandpatch, as they guided Snowfall down the last stepping stone.

Ashcloud burst out of her den, a mouthful of herbs dangling from her jaws. Reaching the deformed queen in about a heartbeat, you could even see her usual calm, bright blue eyes, darken at the sight. Dropping her herbs, she motioned for the gathering Clan to step away so she could treat my mother.

The cats hesitated at first, but soon started to back away, eyeing one another as if they were all badgers.

Ashcloud stared at Flamestar. "What in the name of StarClan happened to her?" She murmured, staring at Snowfall's rotting form. I hissed in fear. "Just treat her already! She's dying and in pain!" Ashcloud looked at me, her gaze full of sorrow as she bowed her head in shame.

"I've never seen such a terrible death scene as so, for I know nothing on how to treat your mother, Clearkit." Ashcloud sighed, shaking

her head lightly and staring at the pained Snowfall. "We need to put her out of her misery."

I stared blankly at the she-cat, and looked at my companions who had not mumbled a word. Finally, a sigh came from Sandpatch. "I think Ashcloud is right. Snowfall is too weak too survive and she's in too much pain. We best not help her now, for she'll be happier in StarClan."

I tensed when I heard a sudden screech of grief behind me, making me whirl around, and my eyes become glazed with agony. Featherkit and Dustkit were hobbling towards us, their sobs echoing around the lush camp as they reached their dying mother, standing by me.

Featherkit dawned on me, her eyes threatening to burst tears, but she held it in, puffing out her chest and letting a shiver run down her spine. Dustkit didn't do anything. He stood there, staring at his and my mother, his expression grief-stricken.

I bowed my head, leaning towards them to give them comfort, as well for me. They didn't object. They stuck their muzzle in my neck fur, and we made a small huddled group.

"I know this is hard." I whispered, scrunching up my nose in sadness. "You don't know how hard it was and is for me to experience this."
Dustkit nodded, his dark brown fur bristling with grief, as well as Featherkit's, her gray fur spiked in overwhelmed fear and her eyes squeezed tight as a tear rolled down her wet cheek.

I moved my head away, seeing Ashcloud and Flamestar looking at me and my siblings, as well as my father.

We all nodded, knowing it would be for the best. She was dying anyway. She needed to be let go...

She needed to be put to rest.

We all gathered around, our Clan slowly huddling with us, as we watched Snowfall take her last shaky breath of life.

Chapter 10

[image]

A couple of moons have passed since the horrid death of my mother. I haven't been myself lately, and neither has my siblings. We've all been quiet and distant.
Since then Lilyflower has been taking care of us. She's very gentle and considerate, but she could never replace Snowfall...

Glancing up from my thoughts, I watched from the nursery as warriors passed by, padding up to the deputy's rock. Sighing, I turned my head away.
My apprentice ceremony could be any day now, and I wasn't as excited as I should be.
I wish Snowfall could be with me and watch me become a warrior, but it was all in my head now.
Getting to my paws, I strolled out of the nursery. Paw steps behind me alerted me someone was following, and the lingering scent of Reedkit washed over me.
I ignored him, and kept walking. I was padding towards Sandpatch.
The scurrying of paws behind me stopped. I sighed, and turned around.
"What do you want Reedkit?" I hissed, my fur bristling. The black kit's ears flattened. "I just wanted to see it you were alright, and to tell you that Lilyflower is planning on talking to Flamestar about our ceremonies happening today at sunhigh." I snorted. "Great." I meowed, and bolted back around.
Stalking towards my father, I curled my lip in anger as I saw him happily talking to Hawksoar. I came up to him, and scowled softly.
His gaze shifted towards me, annoyance flashed across his face, but quickly faded away and a smile was plastered on his face.
I growled. "You think this is some happy place now?" I hissed, anger seeping through my blood. Sandpatch's smile almost instantly disappeared, and he flicked his tail to dismiss Hawksoar.
The tom glanced at me, and he chuckled and shook his head. "Kits." I heard him mumble.
I didn't care what he thought about my reaction. I was mad.

"I know what you did." I whispered threateningly. Sandpatch rolled his eyes a chuckled sarcastically. "What could I have possibly do that would make you so uncheerful?" He snarled quietly, eyes demanding.
I held my ground, digging my claws in the soil. "You killed Snowfall..." I whispered, so quietly Sandpatch had to lean in to hear what I was saying.
His eyes widened, and he seemed to be purely shocked. Great acting, foxheart. I thought to myself, wishing I was big enough to claw him to shreds.
He shook his head. "What? Why would you ever think that?" I laughed angrily and sarcastically, my small form twice its side with my fur bristling all over the place.
"Don't what me!" I hissed, unsheathing my tiny claws, trying to seem like a dangerous warrior. I failed though, for Sandpatch didn't have a glint of fear in his eyes.
"I'm a very respected warrior of FlameClan, got it?" He started, eyes gleaming. "I would never do such a thing, and I don't want to be sassed around by a small, weak kit!" He hissed.
Flattening my ears, I contained myself from pouncing.
What a jerk... I thought, anger surging through me. Scoffing, I padded away from him, and heard a satisfied grunt come from the ginger tom.
I ignored it, and walked towards Reedkit. He looked at me with a sense of fear, and I sighed. "Sorry for yelling at you earlier." I meowed half-heartedly. The dark kit shrugged. "No worries."
I inhaled a deep breath, and started to pad back to the nursery, when I heard to broad voice of Flamestar echo around the camp.
Pausing, I looked up. He was standing on the Pointed Ledge.
The Pointed Ledge was a giant boulder that was sideways with a kind of platform for Flamestar. It had ledges sticking out of the sides, making it easy to get up and down.
I knew what was coming, and I still wasn't excited.
I could hear the squeal of Stormkit and Reedkit, and I chuckled.
Glancing around for Featherkit and Dustkit, I saw them eagerly muttering in a small huddle.
I joined them. They smiled half-heartedly at me. I knew they felt the same way, from the way their was bags under their eyes and their fur seemed to sticking out in tufts.
We both padded up in front of the Pointed Ledge, looking up and

sitting next to Stormkit and Reedkit. Lilyflower eagerly darted towards us, licking us with careful us and making our fur gleam in the sunlight. She stared proudly at us, and I was sort of surprised she seemed to show love for me and my littermates.
"We gather here today to make five new apprentices." Flamestar meowed, and I could hear the soft cheers of my Clan mates.
Flamestar flicked his tail for us to come up with him, and he stared at me like I was a cat from StarClan.
I padded up onto the Pointed Ledge boldly, the kits eagerly padding up behind me. We sat down in a line, and I went to the back to be appointed last.
Dustkit was first, and he looked at me and Featherkit, his eyes shining now.
This time, I actually smiled full-heartedly. I needed to be a good sport for my friends.
"Dustkit, you have reached the age of six moons, and it is time for you to be apprenticed. From this day on, until you receive your warrior name, you will be known as Dustpaw. Your mentor will be Redeye. I hope Redeye will pass down all he knows on to you."
Flamestar called up Redeye, and the warrior seemed shocked, but he obeyed and swiftly made his way up the rock.
"Redeye, you are ready to take on an apprentice. You have recieved excellent training from Jumpingjay, and you have shown yourself to be brave and determined. You will be the mentor of Dustpaw, and I expect you to pass on all you know to him."
Redeye dipped his head, eyes shining with pride as he touched noses with his new apprentice. I purred with delight seeing my brother padding down the Pointed Ledge, now officially an apprentice.
Featherkit was next.
She padded up to Flamestar so their fur was brushing.
"Featherpaw, you have reached the age of six moons, and it is time for you to be apprenticed. From this day on, until you receive your warrior name, you will be known as Featherpaw. Your mentor will be Hawksoar. I hope he will pass down all he knows on to you."
Flamestar called Hawksoar, but the bold warrior was already padding up the boulder, eagerness spread across the warrior's face, and he swiftly bounded up and faced Featherpaw.
"Hawksoar, you are ready to take on an apprentice. You have recieved excellent training from me, and you have shown yourself

to be loyal and courageous. You will be the mentor of Featherpaw, and I expect you to pass on all you know to her."
They touched noses, and I watched my sister happily trotting down the boulder, her grief and anger seemed to have been forgotten.
Now it was Reedkit's turn.
The kit seemed as if he was about to burst out of his fur in excitement and he held his chin up and his blue eyes shined.
"Reedkit, you have reached the age of six moons, and it is time for you to be apprenticed. From this day on, until you receive your warrior name, you will be known as Reedpaw. Your mentor will be Tigerflower. I hope she will pass down all she knows on to you."
Flamestar opened his mouth, but Tigerflower was powerfully and calmly padding up the Pointed Ledge, her eyes shining.
"Tigerflower, you are ready to take on an apprentice. You have recieved excellent training from Fallenheart, and you have shown yourself to be hardworking and caring. You will be the mentor of Reedpaw, and I expect you to pass on all you know to him."
The broad-shouldered she-cat nodded and smiled at her leader with thanks, as she gently touched noses with her new apprentice. They made their way down the Pointed Ledge, and towards the new apprentices and their mentors.
Stormkit... Then me. My stomach churned with nervousness as I shuffled my paws, watching Stormkit boasting in eagerness and enthusiasm.
Lionclaw dipped his eyes, coming up to Stormpaw calmly, while the new apprentice touched noses with his mentor. They climbed down the tall rock.
I gulped, knowing it was now my turn. I hesitantly padded towards Flamestar, looking down at the cats below me.
So many... I thought, puffing out my chest slightly in confidence. I sat next to Flamestar, and he looked at me with a glint of pride in his eyes.
"Stormkit, you have reached the age of six moons, and it is time for you to be apprenticed. From this day on, until you receive your warrior name, you will be known as Stormpaw. Your mentor will be Lionclaw. I hope he will pass down all he knows on to you."
Flamestar didn't need to say his name twice, for the golden tom was already gracefully making his way up the steps, his muscles tensing as he walked.
"Lionclaw, you are ready to take on an apprentice. You have

recieved excellent training from Darkgaze, and you have shown yourself to be swift and strong. You will be the mentor of Stormpaw, and I expect you to pass on all you know to him."
"Clearkit, you have reached the age of six moons, and it is time for you to be apprenticed. From this day on, until you receive your warrior name, you will be known as Clearpaw. I will be your mentor. I know I will pass down all I know on to you."
I stared up at him, and we seemed to send a message just between our gaze. I knew exactly why he wanted to mentor me, and I didn't need to think of it twice.
I touched my nose to his, hesitated before padding back down, sharing a quick glance with him, before bounding down the rock.
Everyone was silent as they stared in shock, glancing at Flamestar, then to me. Dustkit's mouth was dropped open, and I could tell he was fuming in jealousy.
Sitting down next to Stormpaw and Lionclaw, the golden tom glanced down at me and dipped his head.
"Dustpaw! Dustpaw! Dustpaw!" "Featherpaw! Featherpaw! Featherpaw!" "Reedpaw! Reedpaw! Reedpaw!" "Stormpaw! Stormpaw! Stormpaw!" "Clearpaw! Clearpaw! Clearpaw!"
The Clan cheered, yowling our names with enthusiasm.
I purred happily, relieved that I was finally an apprentice. Flamestar watched his Clan as they gathered around the apprentices and their mentors, his gaze shifting to me.
I stared up at him, ignoring the rambling cats around me.

This will be an interesting journey.

(A/N: Thanks for reading! Please remember to vote and comment for this story! Share it with your friends if they would like this kind of book! Thanks for your support! ~Batman)

(Note: I don't know what happened with the chapter when I posted it before, that was fairly odd. I completed it and I guess it deleted the part I wrote. Oh well)

Chapter 11

[image]

The wailing of a cat shattered my peaceful sleep in the new, weaved bramble and twig apprentice den.

My head shot up, and I sleepily glared out of the bramble thicket that I know call my new nest.

My eyes were glazed with tiredness, but I kept hearing soft groans coming from the nursery.

Suddenly, the moans seemed recognizable, and I slowly got to my paws and bounded towards it clumsily.

Poking my head inside, I could see Swiftbird **(A/N: I changed Palebird to Swiftbird since Palebird is a cat in the books)** wriggling in her nest as the silent noises came rushing from her cringed mouth.

My eyes widened as I saw her stomach ripple and her eyes squeeze shut, and I knew exactly what was happening.

She was giving birth.

Racing out, I dashed into the medicine cats den and called Ashcloud.

It was before dawn, and an eery silence crossed the Clan as quiet snores echoed through out it. The sun was a claw-scratch above the ground, and it was still dark.

I could hear a grunt from the dark gray she-cat, alerting me that I had awaken her from a good nights rest.

I muttered an apologetic mumble, and she flicked her tail.

"Swiftbird is giving birth." I whispered urgently, my ears twitching in the swift breeze of day. Ashcloud's eyes immediately started to

adjust to limited light, and she quickly shuffled through her herbs and hurriedly grabbed a stick.

Without stating another word, she swiftly bounded towards the nursery, and I assumed she could hear the groans coming from the queen for she started to sprint.

I hurried after her, my ears perked as I gazed around at my surroundings, making sure not to trip over a pebble or something.

"Go get Lionclaw!" I heard the silent yowl from Ashcloud, knowing Swiftbird would be in need of her beloved and trusted mate.

I hustled myself towards the warriors den, and crawled inside, trying not to make a noise as I scurried towards Lionclaw's scruffy nest.

I prodded him with my paw, and he rustled in the moss, trying to stay asleep.

I poked him a little harder, and he opened his eyes with annoyance. "What?" He asked bitterly, glancing up at me with a cold glaze over his eyes.

"Swiftbird. She's having the kits." I meowed urgently, unsheathing and sheathing my claws.

Lionclaw instantly pounced to his feet and rushed out of the warriors den, accidently stepping on his denmates tails and making them hiss in annoyance.

I followed more carefully, muttering an apology to the cats he stepped on, but they just grumbled in reply.

I burst out of the den, and already saw Lionclaw's tail disappear into the nursery, and I trailed behind him as quickly as I could.

When I arrived, Swiftbird was desperately clutching a stick in her jaws, it was already splinted and I noticed another ripple shudder through her stomach.

She shrieked against the stick and another shudder ran through her

body, and a tiny kit slithered outside of her, and she collapsed on the ground.

Ashcloud kneaded her belly, feeling for more kits. The medicine cat nodded towards Lionclaw, and looked back down at Swiftbird.

"One more to come!" She purred cheerfully.

I glanced outside of the nursery, and I could see my Clan mates stirring, and Flamestar pounce down from the Tall Ledge and stalk over towards us.

"Clearpaw." My mentor, and leader meowed, and padded in next to me.

Ashcloud, lifting her head from Swiftbird's pained gaze and looking at the red tom. She shooed us with her tail, and I realized we must be corrupting the new family's special moment.

As I padded out with Flamestar, I could hear the final wail from the queen, and the triumphed meow of Ashcloud and Lionclaw.

My Clan started to gather around the nursery, sharing excited murmurs.

Soon after, I saw Ashcloud pad out and welcome some of us later.

Flamestar was the first to go in, and he came out a minute later with a warm smile spread across his face. He gently nudged me forward, and by then Dustpaw and Featherpaw joined me.

As I padded inside with my litter mates, the soft mews of the new kits echoed around the den quietly, and I looked down to see two squirming forms wriggling near Swiftbird's belly.

Lionclaw was curled around his mate, his tail protectively guarding his family.

I purred happily, and Swiftbird gazed up at us sleepily, grinning sheepishly.

"This one is Bumblekit and Larchkit. Both toms." Swiftbird yawned,

resting her head on her paws.

Lionclaw licked her ears gently, his throat rumbling with a soft, sweet purr.

I smiled gratefully down at the two new kits, and for some reason I couldn't wait to be Swiftbird.

A mother.

Chapter 12

[image]

Prodding against my side made me burst open my eyes and groan in annoyance.

For a few heartbeats I let my eyes adjust to the beaming light that was shining into the apprentices den, then I could finally see the broad shoulders of Flamestar standing above me.

I lightly pushed him away and tucked my head under my paws, but then soon realized I denied my leader.

I jumped to my paws aimlessly, and almost knocked him over with my sudden impact of realization.

I expected a sudden scold from him, but he just twitched his whiskers in amusement, purring loudly.

"It's time for battle training." Flamestar murmured, and before I could squeal in excitement his tail disappeared from the den.

I shuffled around and fixed my nest and groomed my fur before I stormed out of the apprentices den and came hurling myself at the camp entrance.

Scuffling my paws anxiously, my sleep vanished, I waited impatiently for Flamestar.

Before I knew it, he was padding up to me along side Featherpaw, Dustpaw, Redeye, and Hawksoar.

Confusion spread over me as I was expecting to see Stormpaw and Reedpaw with them, but they weren't in sight.

Flamestar, being the genius he is, smirked and chuckled lightly, technically reading my mind. "They're out hunting." He explained, before trotting out of camp.

I watched after him in pure shock, before shaking my head and bounding after him, Dustpaw and Featherpaw only a whisker behind me.

As we passed a large bramble thicket, vines drapping over it and trees looming down on us, I parted my jaws to take in the glory of the luxurious forest.

When I was still a kit and I went searching for Snowfall, I never really paid attention to the beautiful roses blooming, the tall, thick trees with ancient claw marks from my ancestors, or the delicate ferns that swayed in the distance.

It was truly one of a kind.

I purred unintentionally, and I could hear the soft gasps from my litter mates, for this was their first time being out of camp.

Noticing that the three of us were falling behind, I bounced after Hawksoar and Redeye, almost knocking them off their paws.

Glancing behind me, Dustpaw had his muzzle pointed skyward and his eyes closed as he tasted the air, a rumble vibrating through his throat.

Featherpaw was prodding a small clover patch, and I could see a glimpse of a grasshopper swiftly jumping away.

Turning back around, I bounded up to Flamestar so I could pad beside him.

He glanced down at me. "I know you've been out here before, but, how do you like FlameClan's territory?" Flamestar asked curiously, looking back to where he was walking.

"It's amazing." I meowed truthfully, glimpsing upwards towards the sky and seeing the large branches softly sway in the mild winds.

Flamestar nodded in approval, and soon I realized we reached a small ditch with small, sprouting trees and loose pebbles. A small pond was at the back, and I could see the gray pelt of Darkgaze lapping at the rippling waters.

"Where are we?" Dustpaw asked from behind, making me turn towards him.

Redeye glanced down at his apprentice with understanding, his eyes gleaming with excitment. "This is the Pebble Ditch. Where we train." He explained.

A squeal from Featherpaw made Darkgaze pause from her drinking and stare up at the group of wandering cats.

"Sparrowpaw!" The she-cat called, swiftly bounding up to us.

Before I could take another breath, Sparrowpaw was padding from behind a large stone, a fallen tree trunk above him forming a pathway to a grassy area.

"Look who's here!" The apprentice exclaimed cheerfully, his eyes priding on me. I flinched at his gaze, knowing that it should be awkward for him.

Sparrowpaw and I were good friends when we were kits until I got into trouble with Sandpatch and the apprentice decided my family was too rough.

I sighed, and easily jumped down into the large ditch, my muscles tensing as I hit the ground with ease.

Thumps behind me noted me that my companions have done the same.

Sparrowpaw padded up to me and glanced down at me.

I was far more small than any other cat. I was like a midget that everyone looked down at.

I expected the apprentice to scowl and bare his teeth, but instead his eyes gleamed with hope. "Hello, Clearpaw." He greeted calmly, his tail flicking behind him and his fur glossy, alerting me that he had just washed.

I nodded silently, trying not to meet his gaze as Flamestar and Dustpaw passed me, heading towards the pond for a quick drink.

Thankfully, Featherpaw called me over to show me something, and I quickly bounced over towards her.

There was a small hole underground with a large, stable sand barrier. I could hear the rustling of cats underneath.

The familiar scent of Stormpaw and Reedpaw washed over me and I chuckled as I knew they were busy training.

Suddenly, I tensed when I could feel someone staring into my back, making my fur rise in tension as I tried to ignore it.

I knew it was Sparrowpaw.

I just knew it.

And I couldn't help but feel a small tingling in my paws, knowing that he could possibly feel something for me.

~

***wriggles eyebrows* Someone's got a crush. xD Anyways, if I made any mistakes please let me know! Make sure to vote, comment and even share this story! Thanks!**

Chapter 13

[image]

I was knocked over by a strong impact that nailed into my flank, making me skid across the sandy floor and hit into a near by tree trunk, the air breathing out of me with a rush.

A squeal of apology came from Featherpaw as she dashed over to me and helped me to my paws, and I could see Flamestar shaking his head slowly.

I sighed and bowed my head in shame as I let my tail fall limply to the sandy surface.

He flicked his tail to signal me for a private talk, and I knew he was going to say something disappointing.

I shuffled my paws when I squatted in front of Flamestar, and I heard a quiet grumble come whispering out of his mouth.

He sighed, and I could feel his strong, green gaze staring at me.

As I met his glance by lifting my head a little, my whiskers twitched in surprise as I saw his expression was nothing but care.

I gave him a confused look and he just shook his head in amusement. "Just keep trying." He whispered sternly, pretending he was giving me a lecture as the others were staring at me with intense gazes.

I growled at him. "Why are you embarrassing me?"

He snickered, but kept his eyes narrowed in a fierce way. "Because it's funny."

I gasped at how my own leader was making a joke by messing around with me. "So you're trying to bribe the others into thinking that I didn't try my best?"

Flamestar nodded, his ears pricked to hear my response.

Oh, I give him a response alright.

I ducked my head, tricking him into thinking he won my shame, but he was far from correct.

I launched myself at Flamestar without hesitation, snarling and spitting with rage at how he was trying to bribe me into thinking that I would let myself be thrown around like a weak, crippled moss ball.

I could see the red tom's eyes widen, and the horrified gasps from the cats watching us.

Swift bounds made me note that they were racing over to stop the mishap, and I could soon feel the soft flesh of Flamestar under me vanish with in a second, and a brisk breeze flowing through my bristling pelt.

Soon enough I came in contact with a bramble bush, and I could hear a bitter snarl ring through the air as the cat who knocked me over came tumbling into the thorns with me.

I hissed painfully as I could feel myself being pricked by the sharp needle-like object stabbing into my pelt and ripping out clumps of fur.

A tug at my scruff made me wriggle in objection, but I was too small and pained to actually get away.

I was peeled out of the prickly bushes and thrown onto the ground, making the thorns stab deeper into my flesh as I whimpered painfully.

Darkgaze was glaring at me with hatred for attacking Flamestar, and I could see Sparrowpaw was dotted in thorns, telling me he was the one who shoved me into those deadly pricks.

I hissed at the gray tom with annoyance, and he ignored me, turning his back to me and biting the thorns off his pelt, wincing every time one came loose.

Flamestar stalked towards me, seeming stunned at how I attacked him, for he was only trying to joke around.

I guess I went a little to far, launching at my own leader...

I sighed and bowed my head, the pain jolting through my body easily fading away as I was surging in shame and sorrow.

Flamestar acknowledged me to my paws, shaking his ruffled fur and giving me a stern look, before flicking his tail for everyone to continue their training.

I got a couple angered glances, but I ignored them and stared up at my still shocked leader.

"Flamestar..." I started, but was cutoff from him bowing his head and looking away from me, his expression pained.

"Don't." He murmured, sighing and curling his tail gingerly over his paws.

I noticed his usual bright, sparked green eyes were drained with a grayish shade, making me groan as I padded away and snapped my attention to a near by twig, flicking it with my claw to try and distract myself.

What have I done?

I didn't mean it... What if he's going to kick me out of FlameClan?

I started to panic, my chest rising and falling faster by the heartbeat.

Soon my mind was racing with thoughts that seemed to haunt me, and I flattened my ears to try and get the quiet voices out of my head.

It wasn't that bad! Maybe I'm overreacting... I thought with the slightest bit of hope, but it seemed to quickly vanish when I saw Stormpaw and Reedpaw climb out of the hole they were training in, and quickly bound over to Flamestar, noting me they've noticed his blank expression in the corner of the training area.

After a few exchanged murmurs, I could feel the cold gazes of the brothers staring me down, one a bit gentler than the other.

Right now I didn't care who felt bad for me.

I guess I deserved it for attacking my leader... And mentor.

Just for some stupid joke.

I groaned and flattened my head against the dusty ground, placing my paws above my ears as I tried to get everything cleared out of my mind.

This was all too much for a young apprentice like me.

I don't think I can handle it much longer.

As I zoned out, my eyes squeezed shut, my ears flat and my claws slightly extended, not realizing I was drawing blood to my head, I felt a slight tap on my shoulder.

I growled, removing my paws and turning a little ways away.

"I get it. I don't need another lecture." I muttered, hissing under my breath.

"That's not what I was going to give you..." The soft voice of someone I knew rang behind me.

I turned my head slightly towards the cat who was talking.

"Why do you always have to care so much about me?" I mumbled, grazing my eyes along the slender cats firm build.

"Because I like you." The tom blurted out, and his eyes widened at what he just admitted.

I didn't seem to notice, for I zoned out again. But the words did ring in my ears, and I shooed him away with my tail.

"I know that." I whispered, giving him one soft, gentle glance before looking back at the forest.

I could feel the hard gaze of the tom staring into my ginger back, feeling shyness and shock drain through my body as well as the eyes looking at me.

But I really didn't.

I didn't know he did.

Why is so much happening?

Dear StarClan I'm not that attractive! I thought, holding back a dramatic groan.

First my mother dies, now I'm in a prophecy, I attacked my own leader and mentor, and now Stormpaw likes me.

What a life I have.

(A/N: I'm so sorry I haven't updated! I tried to make this chapter a little bit more interesting and long, and I hope you like it so far!)

(Tell me who you ship in the comments too;

StormxClear

ReedxClear

FeatherxReed

FeatherxStorm

FlamexClear

FeatherxSparrow

SparrowxClear

I know. It's a lot. But hey there can be a lot of ships going! Remember to vote and comment! If you get this chance also share this with a friend! Also I have an urge to make Dustpaw homosexual. What do you think?)

Chapter 14

[image]

It's been a few sunrises since I hurled myself at Flamestar, and every waking moment it seemed to have gotten even more humiliating.

The rumors have spread like wild fire, and I kept getting uneasy and questioning looks from the ones I call family.

Stormpaw and Reedpaw have sadly been avoiding me, but every now and then I could feel Stormpaw's brown gaze boring into my pelt, making me shiver quite frequently.

Thoughts seem to have overcome my mind, for I didn't realize Jumpingjay was calling my name till he finally prodded me in the shoulder.

I jolted at his unexpected touch, almost springing out of my fur as he stared at me with surprise.

Great... I thought, groaning to myself. *Now I'm all jumpy*.

The deputy signaled me with his tail for me to follow him, and I hesitated to give him a motion, before finally getting to my paws and stalking behind him.

"Where are we going?" I asked with a small voice, trying to hide myself among the crowd seeming to stare at me with awkwardness.

"Flamestar's den." The blue tom responded, flicking his tail in my face, making me sneeze and gather even more attention towards me.

Dear StarClan I only sneezed! I hissed in my mind.

As we made our way towards Flamestar's den, every pawstep I took only made my fur rise higher with tension.

Finally, we reached the enlarged cave sinking into a deep hollowed

room crawling with moss and cobwebs, vines dangling from a crack just above the top of the entrance, flourishing the atmosphere of the den with more security.

Jumpingjay stood by the side, watching me with a hard stare against my bristling back as I padded through the draped vines, climbing a small stepping stone area that led into an encased room that was fogged by darkness.

A soft voice echoed through the walls of the cave, making me feel uneasy as I couldn't see the cat speaking. "Come in, Clearpaw."

I quickened my pace to make a progress by standing in the center of the blackened den, and a light shifted towards a fiery red pelt, making it just visible.

The cat padded out of the shadows, its eyes glinting in the shaded brightness that lingered throughout partial of the cave.

"Greetings, Clearpaw." Flamestar meowed, his voice rumbling through his throat with a delicate purr.

"Is my punishment over?" I asked quickly, not even caring to greet my leader in return. The fiery red tom was taken aback at my eagerness, but it quickly faded away to admiration.

I was given a punishment the moment after Stormpaw declared his feeling towards me. He accounted me of having several sunrises without training, and full, long days of cleaning and helping with the elders.

My muscles have been aching since the first time I laid my paws in the warmth of the elders den, and soreness seemed to curse my body every waking dawn.

"Yes." Flamestar replied after a short period of thinking. I smiled gratefully at him, my eyes sparkling with excitement.

"When can we go training again?" I asked eagerly, digging my claws into the stone and making marks. The red tom hesitated. "First thing tomorrow." He promised, giving me a warm glance.

I nodded. "See you then! Oh and, Flamestar?" "Yes?" "Sorry." I apologized, staring at him, meaning the incident that occurred just a few sunrises ago.

He dipped his head in forgiveness. I bowed in return, and bounded out of his den, my fur now bristling with excitement. I turned, my jaws parted as I was about to speak, but slowly closed them when I realized Jumpingjay was out of sight.

Shrugging, I pounced down the sloping ledge and landed with a stumble, but got straight to my paws once I got control over my fall.

I trotted over to a huddled group of cats chattering, peaking over every head to see if Jumpingjay was among them.

However, he was not.

I frowned, desperately wanting to tell him I was not in trouble for he wouldn't keep giving me nasty glances.

I padded towards them, and soon I came face to face with Darkgaze. My ears flattened.

Bad luck, I guess. I muttered to myself, giving a fake smile.

The warrior just stared at me, not giving me an expression, telling me she was still having trouble on what I had done.

"Have you seen Jumpingjay?" I asked politely, ignoring the murmurs whispering through out the split circle.

"He took a patrol out." Darkgaze responded blandly, flicking her tail and letting me know I was dismissed. I gave a bow of my head, ignoring her hatefulness, and bounded out of camp, eager to find the deputy.

Soon I caught his scent trail, my nose wiggling as I took in all the different smells.

After a while of bounding around, following the path, the scent came to an abrupt stop in front of a large berry bush.

I pushed myself through them, getting scratches from the leaves, and accidentally hurled myself at Reedpaw once I finally got through the tight opening, knocking him over.

He hissed at me, shoving me off silently as I granted him an apology.

"Why are you hiding?" I questioned, glancing around for the deputy, however he wasn't in sight.

Fear seemed to have stricken all the cats huddled together, and I noticed Featherpaw and Dustpaw were among them, as well as Stormpaw.

"There's a pack of foxes." Redeye hissed, his eyes narrowed and his fur bristling. My eyes widened in fear. *I could've died!*

I poked my head above the bush, hearing quiet objections and tugs at my legs below me, but I ignored it, gazing around the forest to see a orange and brown pelted dog-like creature standing above a bloodied body.

I gasped in horror and grief, seeing that it was Jumpingjay, still alive, but barely wheezing a breath.

I ducked back under swiftly, my breaths becoming heavy as I gulped down a large lump in my throat.

"He's still alive..." I murmured, my eyes still widened and dilated at the sight I just witnessed.

Stormpaw nodded, flicking his ears.

"We need to attack, we need to save Jumpingjay!" I concurred, waving my tail towards the scene. "If we don't he'll die."

Reedpaw gave me a pleased look, nodding in agreement, and soon Dustpaw joined in.

Featherpaw and Stormpaw shared a glance, their eyes glistening with grief and fear before finally they sighed, giving in.

Redeye closed his eyes and I could tell he was sending a silent prayer to StarClan, asking for luck and hope.

Soon, I heard the yowl from the tom; "attack!"

We all burst from the bushes aimlessly, launching ourselves at foxes that were lingering above the pained Jumpingjay.

I nipped at one of the ears, and clawed at its eyes, determined to take it down.

It whimpered in pain as blood shot from the socket, dripping down to its chin and howling in anger, throwing me off, making me land with an 'oof'.

I groaned, trying to get to my paws, determination crossing through my mind to reach Jumpingjay and drag him back to camp, until I felt a heavy weight crush on top of me, and soon everything went black.

(Thanks for reading! Should I kill off Jumpingjay? Yes or no? Tell me in the comments! :D Also let me know if I made any errors! Thanks for voting, commenting and sharing this story! Also special thanks to the WattyWarriors group for giving this story an 88/100 on their Advertisement Book! Means a lot to me! ~ Cleo)

Chapter 15

[image]

I opened my eyes and almost immediately, pain washed over me and injected into my side, making me groan and squirm in my nest.

I could feel all eyes were directed on to me, telling me they were relieved I was awake.

As I glanced up sluggishly, Featherpaw, Ashcloud, and Volepaw were all standing over me with curious and hopeful eyes.

When I met their gaze, I could feel warm breath bask onto my face from sighs of relief, and I could see Volepaw skitter across the den and start to collect herbs.

When I turned to my side, facing the entrance to the den, rays of sunlight splashed onto me unexpectedly, making me wink at the powerful glare.

I quickly turned the other way, tired of facing the sunlight, and my nose brushed Stormpaw's limp ear.

I flinched in shock and unease, expecting him to be awake, but thankfully, he wasn't.

My face was only a whisker away from his and I could feel my ears become warm and a red shade appeared on my pale cheeks.

A moment later Volepaw came scurrying back over to where I was lying, dropping a clump of chewed herbs in front of my jaws.

"Eat up." The medicine cat apprentice instructed, flicking his ears towards the pulp. I sighed, taking the herbs into my mouth and chewing slowly, shutting my eyes as the disgusting taste bounced inside of my mouth, making me gag.

A soft paw was placed on my muzzle to stop me from spitting it out, and I opened my eyes to find Stormpaw's glazed gaze meet mine,

his warm pads gently pressed against my slightly parted jaws.

With that I swallowed, wanting to force the moment that just occurred out of my mind, but it stayed with a strong grip.

I pocked my head above Stormpaw's pale pelt, seeing nests lined up behind him, and in them were Reedpaw, Dustpaw and Jumpingjay.

I stiffened when I saw the deputy's body being gently cared for, his usual collected breaths and movements were now ragged and shaky in his sleep.

His fur was matted in blood, and a deep, bone-showing scratch was raked across his stomach, making me utterly surprised that he could still cling on to life.

But I knew he was strong.

Looking over at my brother and Reedpaw, I could see numerous amounts of scratches crossing around their body, making me wish none of them were too severe.

I tried getting to my paws, my muscles aching and begging to be stretched, but I was stopped by Featherpaw's gentle tail, signaling me not too.

I sighed and rested my muzzle on my paws, getting a glimpse of my sister.

Thankfully she wasn't too beaten up, but her eyes were glazed with fear from what they had experienced just moments before.

I soon began to wonder how long I was asleep and I started to ask, but I was greeted by a groggily and ragged voice that made my eyes widen.

Ashcloud hurried over to me, instructing me to open my mouth, and I did as I was told.

The medicine cat shook her head and placed a paw on my neck, and a stinging pain made me jump.

Soon I came to my senses, feeling the sliced flesh welling on my throat, making me jerk in fear.

Volepaw came rushing over to me, calming me down with gentle strokes of his tail down my spine, making me release uneven gasps, easing down to normal breaths.

"It's not that bad." The brown medicine cat apprentice mewed, his voice squeaking and telling me he was obviously lying as he padded back to mixing his supply.

I rolled my eyes, trying not to move my sore neck, the pierced, swollen flesh still throbbing.

As Ashcloud tended to my wound, I watched as Dustpaw and Reedpaw started to wake up. My eyes glittered with relief seeing them stretch.

I tried to greet them, but my voice cracked and I slowly shut my jaws in disappointment, knowing my vocal cords have been pierced from the fox's angry claws.

When Ashcloud finished, I sighed in relief, the pain relinquishing into collected matter.

After the throbbing from my neck subsided, I could still feel the burning pain of my side ripping through my pelt, making me groan.

I glanced down, already noticing a fresh layer of pulp plastered onto my pelt, but I guess it wasn't working that well.

Volepaw sighed and grabbed his bundle of herbs, setting them down and picking up a few leaves and chewing, before spitting them onto my wound, making me flinch at the touch.

The brown tom glanced up at me reassuringly, and I could tell he knew how much pain I must be in.

He started to rub it onto my side, and finally, the pain I had been feeling seemed to calm down.

I thanked them both and headed back to my nest, curling up, my

eyes fluttering, and the thought that Sandpatch, my own father, didn't even check on me.

I picked up my head. "Has Sandpatch been in here?" I croaked, my voice hoarse, pain welling in my throat and I coughed.. The two medicine cats shared a glance, and shook their head before organizing herbs again.

I grunted angrily, resting my muzzle on my paws.

The thought of Jumpingjay kept crossing my mind, making me squeeze my eyes in sadness for the deputy, and I sent a silent prayer to StarClan to not take him too early.

A shuffling in a nest made me look up, my ears perked as I saw Reedpaw stare confusedly around the den, as well as Dustpaw.

"Where are we?" They asked in exact unison. I muffled a laugh, but they didn't seem to notice.

As if they hadn't known they were awake, Ashcloud scurried across the ground and dropped a bundle of herbs next to the toms, chewing them and plastering them on their wounds.

"Your in the medicine cat's den." Volepaw reminded, chuckling lightly as he padded over to Jumpingjay's beaten body, cleaning him and putting on a fresh layer of herbs. Dustpaw nodded, his tail flicking as he shifted his gaze around, as well as Reedpaw.

Soon their eyes met, and I could see the tension between them rise rather quickly, and their fur rose. "Who are you?" Dustpaw asked angrily, raising his haunches.

I gasped at what my brother just confessed, confusion spreading across my face, and I noticed Reedpaw hissing. "That doesn't need to be said at the moment. Because I need to know who *you* are."

Pure horror crossed my mind as I looked at my friends.

Ashcloud and Volepaw shared a confused glance, fear crossing their gaze as they tried to calm the toms down, but they ignored them.

"What are you doing in my camp?" Dustpaw snapped, his eyes narrowed. Reedpaw snorted. "This is my camp!" He retorted, giving a threatening glare.

Dustpaw twitched his ears. "Then how come I've never seen you before?"

Oh. Dear. StarClan.

Did they *both* loose their memory? Of *only* just each other?

(Uh oh! Dustpaw and Reedpaw loosing memories?? But... But... They were best friends! I did it for a reason, trust me :3. And where's Redeye? What about him? You'll see :). I listened to you all, and I made it so Jumpingjay is still alive. To be honest, I'm glad. He's probably my favorite character in the story. Speaking of which, who's your favorite? Comment below! Anyways, thanks for reading, voting, commenting, and sharing this story! Stay awesome! ~Cleo)

Chapter 16

[image]

(We passed the half way mark! I'm going to make this book about 30 chapters, possibly the high 20's? Also sorry for the bad edit for Sydney ._.)

I stared at my two friends scowling angrily at each other, bewilderment spreading across my face like a wave splashing on a beach.

"Dustpaw... Reedpaw... Why are you acting this way?" Featherpaw whispered hesitantly, and when I glanced over at my trembling sister, I noticed her eyes were round with fear and confusion.

I turned my gaze back over to the two toms, who were now sitting down and staring at the group of stunned cats around them, their fur still prickling with tension.

I tried to calm them down with soothing words, but my voice was throbbing in pain that I stopped myself from doing so, just staring at my two friends, not knowing what to do.

Ashcloud padded up to Reedpaw and guided him towards the left corner of the den, and Volepaw did the same with Dustpaw but to the right side.

Quiet murmurs echoed around the room, silent enough so that none of us could hear.

As I glanced around awkwardly, counting to see how many cats were in here, I noticed that Redeye wasn't around. Confusion crossed my mind.

"Where's Redeye?" I croaked, my words gurgled that they were hard to hear.

Ashcloud flicked her tail, signaling and telling me not to talk until it

fully healed, making me grumble a muffled noise.

I shuffled my paws nervously as the awkwardness seemed to create a thick cloud hovering above all of us, rumbling and threatening to pour on our heads as we waited for the next outbreak from the two toms who were ruffling feathers.

Even though they were a ways away from each other, you could see them share anxious and worried glances towards one another, telling everyone that they still were unknown of each other.

I heaved a cracked sigh. With nothing going on except for the thick amount of tension in the air, it made me start to think and feel the intense pain crushing my neck. Seems as if the pulp disappeared.

The small pool in the back of the den was shimmering and glittering in the slightly shaded area, making me want to see how bad my wound actually was.

Padding over, I glanced down cautiously to make sure I wouldn't tweak it even more, and I made a silent gasp blow out of my mouth.

A swollen, bloody and deep scratch was raked across the center of my neck, and going to the back, creating a almost half circle.

The flesh was torn and the fur that stayed was plastered in dried blood, just spitz of it because earlier I knew that the medicine cats had to of cleaned us up.

A shiver ran down my spine and I quickly looked away, the image appearing in my mind every split heartbeat.

I stumbled back over to my nest and collapsed onto it, heaving breaths of fear that I could possibly die.

Obviously, everyone was staring at me like I was a badger with a flower in its mouth. Dancing.

They defiantly thought I was over reacting...

Later on, the tension between Dustpaw and Reedpaw seemed to have passed, and the clouds above our heads seemed to have faded

a light fog.

And for some odd reason, they seemed to have been very interested in each other by the glances they shared every so often.

And soon they took a big step by Reedpaw padding up to Dustpaw and greeting himself to my brother, making a small smile cross my crushed face.

Soon chatter exploded inside the medicine cats den, mostly coming from the two toms talking.

It surprised me in a great way how they were so threatened by each other, and now it's like they're best friends again, but just meeting.

It made me happy to know at least my brother could have his friend back, and not have to go days with someone not supporting him or hanging out with him other than Stormpaw.

Yes, Dustpaw has been a snob to me in the past, but ever since Snowfall died, the tension between my siblings and I settled, and Featherpaw, Dustpaw and I seemed to have grown very close due to our horrible loss of both our parents, since Sandpatch dodges us as much as possible.

Everything felt different, and in the noisy area I was now suddenly in, I started to think of the prophecy and how one day I was going to be destroyed by the *dog bone* it stated.

And soon, I remembered when I was still just a kit, about two moons old, the memory barely visible, when I had that horrible, awful and scary dream... And waking up to find my mother scolding me to *never* mention it to anyone.

And the though just kept on racing...

Why? What is so bad about my nightmare, and how come I only had one?

All the memories of my kit-hood seemed to have come flooding back to my senses, and I realized that it wasn't as good as I had hoped.

I witnessed my mothers death... Before it even happened.

By another cat. By Sandpatch, my own father, or...

What was that white toms name? With the blood red eyes and daring spirit?

The one who practically admitted he was Flamestar's long lost and hated *brother?*

I don't remember, but I know for a fact it could've been him, spilling my mothers blood, right in front of my eyes.

Who left beloved Snowfall too struggle for hours, maybe even days.

How could anyone do that to an innocent she-cat?

Or... What if... It wasn't even- My thoughts were shattered when I heard a shriek of laughter coming from Dustpaw.

Even though I should feel more ecstatic about him and Reedpaw getting along, I couldn't anymore.

Snowfall's death repeated numerous amount of times that it made my heart plunge into darkness... And all I could do was try and find out who did this.

And finally I came to my senses, and came to the courageous decision that I should've thought of and done so ages ago.

I needed to find out who did this, before they do it again... Before they choose they're next victim, who could possibly be me.

(Hello, Batcats! I'm SOO sorry for the late update! I've been so busy and I've had writers block, but now I don't :3 I didn't mention Jumpingjay in this chapter because I thought I should focus more on her history than the deputy, but he'll be there soon. ^^
Weird how Dustpaw and Reedpaw got along so quickly, huh? *smirks*
I can't believe we're already half way through and they're so still not warriors.

I need to hurry!!!
Anyways, thanks for reading, sharing, voting, and commenting on this story! Means a lot too me! Peace ✌□□ ~ Cleo)

Authors Note

Please understand that I'm dearly sorry for not updating recently.

I want to so badly, and I'm working hard on the future plot, and be prepared for some major, and I mean like heart stopping events.

I'm so excited.

Also, thank you all for adding this to your reading list! So many of you are and I seriously appreciate it! ^^

Again, I'm dearly sorry.

I'll be updating soon, I promise.

Thanks for your understanding and patience.

~Cleo

Chapter 17

[image]

It's been a couple of sunrises since Dustpaw and Reedpaw lost their memory, and I felt like they were becoming closer than they ever were.

There's still been no sight of Redeye since the fox incident, and Dustpaw now has a temporary mentor, Poppyseed.

Search patrols have been released multiple times a day, but all they can scent are small traces of fox that are bland and stale, and a mysterious odor that reeks of crowfood and dirt.

Jumpingjay, who has now somewhat healed but still has a large scar crossing his neck, insisted on setting out more patrols to take a closer look on the unordinary smell, and to find out what happened to Redeye.

Everyone in the Clan supposed he was dead, that he was captured by the foxes and killed, but some disagree with the theory.

Sparrowpaw has seemed to be slightly attracted to Deerpaw, a pretty light brown she-cat, and for some reason I've been intensely jealous and annoyed. I feel like the furball is just trying to make me go crazy.

Rumors have spread that DarkClan has been having a deadly and contagious disease that no one has heard of before, and they're calling it Black Cough.

Everything has been peaceful between the Clans, but an uprising between AirClan has spun out of control and is endangering IceClan, but for some reason FlameClan has nothing wrong between our enemies, or supposedly allies.

Rogues have been scouting our territory, and have left hints of chewed up squirrel and vole to give us fair warning that they're no

scared of us, and once Poppyseed came hurling back to camp one evening, bleeding heavily from her leg, announcing she knew the name of one. She stated his name was Missing Foot.

She's been properly healed by Ashcloud and Volepaw.

Other than that, Featherpaw, Stormpaw and I have recovered from our accident, but we still have scars and scratches, but they're worn down and barely visible.

A lot has happened in just a few sunrises, and it seems that our usual collected matter has turned into a crazy mishap involving multiple different cats and species invading our peaceful environment.

Fortunately, Flamestar had suggested on battle training later today to clear our heads, and had invited Sandpatch and his apprentice, Applepaw, to come along with us, as well as Dustpaw, Reedpaw, Stormpaw, and Featherpaw with their mentors.

The thought of even encountering my father made me cringe.

However, I was excited to train with Applepaw.

As I waited at the exit of camp, my mind slowly lingered to the thought of going to my first Gathering. I've been waiting my entire lifetime to meet all the different cats that border my Clan, and now is finally my chance.

In just a couple more sunrises, I'll finally be able to meet new cats, and possibly make "allies", otherwise friends.

My thoughts were interrupted when I heard the cheerful voice of Dustpaw and Reedpaw, and I smiled to see them so connected after the short loss of memory of only just each other. It was weird how they only forgot of one another, but it seems that it was all worth it in the end considering they're practically in love.

I could see Sandpatch baring his teeth behind Applepaw and Stormpaw, glaring at the two toms as if they were cats invading our Clan.

Fury blasted throughout my body to know that my father was judging his son, who was practically his favorite kit, because he may or may not have feelings for Reedpaw.

But you know, that's just Sandpatch.

Foxheart, I scoffed under my breath, flicking my tail and trying to ignore his despiteful attitude.

Applepaw bounded up to me with a cheerful expression spread across his face, and I smiled brightly at him.

I haven't been able to talk to Applepaw in such a long period of time considering all the mishap that has been happening in my life, and it was good to finally be able to hang out and train together for once.

Despite the fact that Sandpatch, that mangy, empty-hearted, foxheart was his mentor, I still was really close to Applepaw because he was a caring and warm-hearted friend.

"Hi, Clearpaw!" The bright red tom meowed excitedly, his ears perked with eagerness. I returned the greeting with a friendly nudge to his shoulder, and our reconnection was interrupted when, oh so great Sandpatch (*note the sarcasm*) came shoving himself into the conversation with a slight snicker.

I growled at him angrily, holding back the urge to claw his ears off. He gave me an ambitious grin, and I swear my claws were so attached in the dirt that they started to draw blood.

I stepped up to him daringly, giving him a sly glance. "You killed my mother, so stop acting so fabulous when really you're cold hearted and disgusting. You're lucky I haven't told anyone, but I'm going to when I sincerely know who did this to Snowfall. And if you truly had the urge to even land a claw on that sweet and innocence she-cat, you will regret it. I promise you that." I hissed under my breath in his ear so no one could hear.

I turned away with a swift movement, the dreadful gaze of Sandpatch planted on my back as I faced Stormpaw and Applepaw

as they stared curiously at me. I gave a fake, yet convincing smile, before looking back around and facing Flamestar, ignoring Sandpatch's cunning glare.

He waited as Featherpaw and her mentor, Hawksoar, approached the group of eager and tense cats, giving a nod of greeting.

With a quick glance around the apprentices and warriors, the leader as well as my mentor nodded in approval, signaling to each of us that everyone was here and we were ready to go.

Excitement seemed to beam through the group as everyone was so ready to shake off their worries of all the Clan craze and problems.

Other then the large amount of cats that were swamped together, the tension that was lurking in my stomach seemed to calm to a collected state, and we were off in heartbeats.

Padding through the lush greenery blooming in around me, I noticed that some of the leaves of the overhanging trees were withered and brown, some falling off their branches and landing on the wet dirt, beginning the season of leaf-fall, as the leaves were crushed under our paws.

As the peaceful chirps of birds echoed through the forest, I found bliss in this silent yet peaceful walk to the Pebble Ditch.

When my mind settled into a fret-free atmosphere, the cool breeze ruffling my fur, I couldn't help but feel lucky to have such a wonderful home.

Before we made it to the rocky training area, a stab of pain shocked my head and I turned around blindly, thinking someone had clawed my face, but only a confused Stormpaw stared back at me.

Pain throbbed through out my mind, and my peaceful state plummeted, rejoicing with fear.

I collapsed on the ground, breathing heavily as my mind started to drift into darkness.

The group around me started to yowl out chaos, running towards

my side and trying to calm me down, but in the end, my mind went blank.

I *could see myself in a wave of blood, it's thick substance raining down on me as I choked and heaved.*

My body was trembling with fear as another ice cold wave splattered my creamy white pelt, making it a dark red.

I was yowling, trying to search for a cat, something to climb, anything. But with the bubbling waves of blood pouring me under the surface, and the struggle for breath, I couldn't see anything.

My head was spinning with thoughts as I shut my eyes, a wave splintering me, and forcing me under. I gagged from the taste, and tried scrambling to the top, but it was no use.

Every inch I swam up, another wave would come crashing down on me, pushing me farther down.

I gave up, my head hanging, my whole body limp, and my eyes closed as I knew this was the end.

My eyes opened, and I could see the gathered cats surrounding me, a look of relief seeming to wash through out them.

"Thank StarClan you were only out for a moment." Sandpatch grunted, and for once worry seemed to really shine in his voice.

I shook my head vigorously, the pain easing to just a stinging feeling, till it finally calmed and faded away.

Alarm seemed to have swallowed my pained face as I realized that I had the same exact dream, literally the *exact,* as I was received when I was only a few moons old and when Snowfall instructed me to never speak of what I've seen.

Grief concurred my soul as I thought of Snowfall, but it quickly faded back into a dreadful feeling of horror.

Stormpaw and Featherpaw helped me to my paws, and I shook my bristling pelt. Worry was crossing every cats face, including

Sandpatch, and Flamestar approached me with a more collected look.

"What happened?" He asked quietly. I stared up at him, knowing that I shouldn't share the nightmare at this moment. I flicked my ears, telling him I'd tell him later. He nodded.

Flamestar flicked his tail, signaling that I was fine and that we needed to carry on with the training. Uneasily, they padded away, giving me hard stares as I stood my ground, letting my questions free.

Why the same dream? Why now? Why was it so... sudden?

And most of all... What does it mean...?

(AHOOOOOOY Batcats! Once again... Late update 😓 I'm such a procrastinator it's really getting on my nerves.
Anyways, this was longer then expected!
Some of you may have thought that I put the dream at the beginning of the story just because I was clueless. Wrong.
I put it in for a reason, because it has a meaning. For the future. NO IM NOT SAYING SPOILERS. I'VE ALREADY LOCKED MY LIPS AND THREW THE KEY TO CHINA.
Yep. To China.
Anyways, ReedxDust is finally happening! I think they're so cute together OwO
Sorry for the late update (again) guys, I'm going to step up my game.
AND OMG WE ARE SO CLOSE TO 5k READS! THAT'S *CRAZY INSANE*! Thank you for all the support!!!
Hope you enjoyed, tell me what you think, and also I have come to the conclusion of who Clearpaw is going to end up with... My final 2 was Stormpaw and Sparrowpaw, and I settled on one... NOT TELLING. (P.S. I also kinda sorta like Applepaw and Clearpaw buuttttt we'll just have to see ^^)
REMEMBER I THREW THE KEY TO CHINA!
So yeah. :3
What do you think the dream means? Who or what's that unusual scent in FlameClan territory? Tell me in the comments!

Be prepared for the plot twists, even though I said a bunch in the beginning of this chapter... Or partial xD
Thanks for voting, sharing, reading and commenting on this story! Hope you enjoyed this chapter!
Peace! ~Cleo)

Chapter 18

[image]

I shoved Stormpaw lightly onto the dusty ground, placing a paw gently on his ribs and pretended to rake my claws down his side.

Flamestar nodded approvingly, chanting triumphantly towards my way with pride echoing in his voice.

I smiled brightly at my mentor, thankful for his gratitude. Sandpatch was giving me a harsh glare, but I ignored, telling myself he was just a jealous mouse brain.

Stormpaw got to his paws, shaking the small pebbles and dirt knotted in his fur.

He whispered a swift, positive comment about my technique, and I gave him a thankful expression before shuffling back to Flamestar who gave me a quick nod.

Before me and Stormpaw's tustle, Reedpaw and Featherpaw competed, and after them Dustpaw and Applepaw went against one another.

"It's time we leave." Flamestar decided after a moment of silence. "Sun-down will be arriving soon, and I don't want us blindly tripping over our own tails." The red leader chuckled, and before anyone could speak a word, Flamestar turned and gracefully bounded into the large and crippling ferns.

I was right on his paws, my legs taking long and easy strides while my muscles bulged through my creamy white and ginger fur.

Behind me were loud snapping and crushing noises from the others stepping on twigs and withered leaves, and warm breath heated my tail and the scent of Applepaw lingered around my nose.

The trot back home didn't take too long according to the more

speedy way we ran.

Surprisingly, the sun had already fallen below the horizon, and darkness creeped it's way into the sky, stars dotting the night and the moon giving just enough amount of light for us to see our own paws.

We snuck through the protected bramble thicket that lead it's way into camp, greeting Lionclaw who was cautiously guarding, and everyone seemed to have settled into a comfortable state.

Only a few warriors were sharing tongues near the den, and a few apprentices chattering quietly outside theirs, but other than that the usual busy camp was deserted, and gusts of wind was blowing down on the surface, creating small sand and dust flurries escalating into the air.

After a moment, I realized how exhausted I was. My brain was fried, my paws were aching and my legs were wobbling.

I bounded over to the apprentice's den weakly, softly greeting Sunpaw, Deerpaw and Viperpaw who had made the accurate decision to end their conversation and head to their nests.

As I padded inside, I noticed a bundle of gray and white fur huddled together in a soft moss bed, and felt the warm blue gaze of Sparrowpaw staring into the depths of my eyes.

I ignored him, curling myself into a ball and placing my tail over my nose, still feeling the burning sensation of those pretty blue sapphires boring into my back.

Closing my eyes and trying to let my mind wander, I remembered what had happened earlier with my sudden unconsciousness and surprised dream.

My thoughts were directed to every detail I witnessed in the nightmare, but yet I still couldn't make out what it actually meant... What the purpose of showing me it was.

I forgot to go over to Flamestar and report what I had experienced, and I had the urge to go and announce it to him now, but I was too

worn out to get up and pad across camp to have a quick chat with my leader, so I decided I would discuss this with him in the morning when I was more energized.

As my mind slowly drifted into to sleep, the last noise I heard of that night was the quiet chirping of crickets, hidden deep within the forest.

My eyes shot open as I felt a sharp prod nudge my shoulder, and I darted around to see who was there, but no one was in sight.

Ignoring the confusion churning in my stomach, I looked around with stiff legs, noticing that I was in an unrecognizable forest with fog hovering above the trimmed grass, thick, swerving trees climbing high into the sky with large leaves and vines hanging down from them, a dark, rushing river, and shadowy figures lurking in the distance.

A roaring chuckle echoed through out the trees, making me jump slightly and spin to the side, being greeted by a pelted mound that hit my back. I flattened my ears as I slowly turned around, hoping it wasn't some badger or fox, and I sighed in relief when it was only just Dog Bone.

Then I froze. *Wait what? Dog Bone?*

I stared at him in horror, and he gave me a cunning smile, a devilish gleam in his eyes. "Wh-Why are you here? Where am I?" I stuttered nervously, taking a small step back.

The cat chuckled darkly, his blood-shot eyes deceitful and arrogant. I gulped down the glob that was surfacing my throat, my stomach bubbling in fear as I saw his claws were outstretched and glistening with fresh blood. Dog Bone's eyes shone as he stared down at me, and he spoke with a deep, rasping voice. "You're in the Dark Forest, and I'm here because I am dead."

Shock filled my eyes as he spat out the words "dead". Relief and a slight bit of confusion flooded into my body as I gazed at him awkwardly, not knowing how to escape a ghostly and evil cat. "Why am I here?" I mumbled quietly, taking another step back as I saw

his tail start to lash.

"Because I need to tell you, the prophecy that was given to you is broken. It was true at the beginning, but ever since I was killed, it ended." He explained, licking his paw, making his muzzle drenched with blood.

I swallowed hard as I saw his action, but what stunned me the most was that the prophecy that was given to me, was no longer current. "Why are you telling me this? Why did it end when you died? Wait, so I'm not going to be killed by a dog's... Wait..." My eyes widened in fear and I started to swiftly back away from him as I realized the truth. "Are you going to kill me?"

Dog Bone chuckled. "No." He murmured. "I no longer can. The prophecy is broken." He repeated, taking a long sigh. "I was killed brutally, you know." All I wanted to say was, *you know, I don't give a mouse dung what happened to you*, and, *you know you could still kill me.*. But I know he'd just claw me to shreds anyways. He was holding back the urge to slaughter me too, and I didn't want to taunt him, so all I said was, "I'm sorry to hear that."

He shook his head, and continued to act creepy as he licked the blood off his stained white pelt. I was curious on what had happened to him, because I thought he was a suspect on my mother's murder. "Did you kill Snowfall?" I asked hesitantly, readying myself for a snarl and a bite to my throat, but not a word was spoken from the bloodied cat.

He didn't speak, and anger bubbled in my body as I saw guilt darkening his face. "You did, didn't you!" I gasped as he gave me an understanding look, and I stared back confusedly. *Why was he giving me that look*? "I wish I could tell you the truth, but I can't... I swore I wouldn't..." Dog Bone sighed, looking back at his paws, and suddenly, I could see his white figure start to fade.

"No! Wait! What truth? Who did you swear too? Did you kill her? I need to know!" I pleaded, watching the last of him disappear, and with a quick cry of annoyance, I felt darkness concur my vision.

I woke with a shudder running down my spine. Sparrowpaw's

ravishing blue eyes were staring down at me, just a whisker away from my face, surprising me enough to make me jump away.

The gray apprentice didn't seem startled, just concerned. He tended to my fear, telling me sweet nothings in my ear to slowly calm my nerves, and a moment later it worked. He backed away from me.

"What happened to you? You were squirming in your sleep, making your moss bed ruffled." Sparrowpaw chuckled, but as he stared into my eyes he realized something really was wrong. "Okay seriously, what's up?"

I hitched my breathing and looked at him. "I don't feel like sharing." I mumbled coldly, getting to my paws and shaking my pelt vigorously to make the scraps of moss fly off.

I padded out of the apprentices den, fear still concurring my soul.

As I kept on walking, I could feel the blue depths of Sparrowpaw's eyes still tracked on me.

I ignored it, though, wanting to clear my mind by having a quick chat with Flamestar.

As I padded towards his den, my mind raced with thoughts on what had just occurred, making me wobble on my paws and almost loose my balance.

How is it possible for a prophecy to end like this?

(This is a surprising event that just occurred in Clearpaw's and your life. First, the prophecy is over. Incomplete and broken. And second... I updated... When I'm supposed to update. Just 2 days after I last updated. *claps* Yay me.
Anyways hope you enjoyed this chapter!
I'll be updating regularly since it's getting into the good stuff.
THANK YOU FOR MORE THAN 5k READS IM SO HAPPY 🎉
And as always, thanks for reading, voting, commenting and sharing this story!
Love you lots, peace ✌ ~Cleo)

Chapter 19

[image]

Flamestar stared at me, stunned and stiff. "Dog Bone... Is dead?" He stuttered, his eyes drifting off into a blank daze.

I nodded. "And the prophecy ended... And I had the same dream that I had when I was a kit..." I continued, noticing that he seemed to ignore the most important fact.

The leader shook his head. "This is impossible. How is Dog Bone dead?" He growled, scraping his claws on the stone underneath him.

I was surprised at how angry and hurt he was.

"Okay, wait, calm down." I soothed, taking a small step forward, but he instantly took one back. "No." Flamestar exclaimed, shaking his head vigorously. "This isn't happening..."

Now I was annoyed.

"Flamestar, he was a bad cat!" I growled, facing my leader with fury. He shoved his muzzle in my face daringly. "He was, but he was my brother. If you knew that you'd understand how hard it would be to loose Dustpaw." He snapped.

I was taken aback by his insulting words. *Why'd he have to include Dustpaw in this?*

"This has nothing to do with Dustpaw! And I knew he was your brother ever since I was a kit, Flamestar. He told you, in your face, that he killed your sister, Sydney." I snarled, my eyes deceiving.

Flamestar stumbled on his paws as I mentioned his sister. "How... Do you know Sydney?" He grunted, his eyes becoming blank.

I sighed. "I don't. I've only just heard of her in dreams."

Flamestar shook his head. "I don't understand... Wait, then how did

you know Dog Bone?" He questioned quietly.

"I saw him in a dream, too. He's a white tom with blood red eyes. Scars dotted on his pelt. Doesn't look like you at all, honestly. You both have nothing in common with your coloring or personalities, if I have his distinctive looks and attitude figured out correctly." I explained.

The red leader took in a shaky breath as I described him, and he had to sit on his haunches to stop him from falling over in shock. "He doesn't look like me because we don't have the same father." Flamestar exclaimed, shaking his pelt.

"So you're half brothers...?" I asked cautiously, still not understanding how different they looked and acted, but then I bared my teeth. "How come if you're not even full brothers that you're so overprotective of him when he is a horrible, heartless and nasty cat?"

Flamestar paused at my words, letting them sink into him. I have to admit, I just threw a pretty strong blow to his face, and now I somewhat regret my words, but I stood my ground.

Finally, my leader gave a sharp exhale of breath. "You're right. I don't know why I'm so dazed about him and his death... I guess it's just shocking to know that, one, he's... Well, dead. And two, that you even knew about him."

I nodded. "I'd probably be acting the same way if I was in your situation." I meowed more calmly, letting my bristling fur lie flat. "Sorry for snapping at you, but can we please get back to the fact that the prophecy's over and that I had the dream again?"

The broad tom gave me a confused glance. "What dream?" He murmured slowly. At first I was stunned by his words for not knowing what I meant, but then I soon realized that I never mentioned this to him before.

"I had a dream when I was just a kit, it was about me practically being swallowed by waves of blood, and I couldn't escape. My mind felt tense and I felt like I was drowning... My muscles were aching

and sore and I gave up.
I never understood it, and it confused me, but I swore I heard a faint bark in the most recent one, however I thought it was just imaginary so I forgot about it, but..." I exclaimed, taking in a long inhale of air to refill my lungs from all the talking.

Flamestar perked his ears in interest. "A dog bark you mean? But if you didn't think it was real... Why even mention it?" He asked curiously.

I shrugged. "Because we were just discussing about Dog Bone, and his name has to do with a dog."

Flamestar shook his head. "Then what's with the blood if it has to do with him?"

"Maybe because he was known as a killer." I mumbled.

Flamestar sighed. "I'm surprised you know so much about him just from one dream..."

I snorted. "He said he did something bad to Sydney. I think I get that he's probably vicious if he even figured to kill his sister, and what makes him sound even more dangerous is his name."

Flamestar nodded reluctantly. "True. But we still don't know that the dream is truly about him." He explained.

I grunted in agreement, and soon I felt myself being crippled with an eery silence that made me tingle with nervousness.

At last, Flamestar spoke up. "And what's this about the prophecy? It's non-existent anymore, you say?"

I nodded. "Yeah, and there's something else... I was greeted by Dog Bone in another dream. He's the one who said the prophecy was over. And he knows who killed Snowfall, but he didn't tell me because he promised someone that he wouldn't tell." I added, my mind wary and focused on the subject.

Flamestar's eyes slowly started to widen at the mention of Snowfall's death and the promise keeping, and he started to dig his

claws in the stone. "He knows?" He questioned obliviously.

I nodded.

He groaned. "Dear StarClan, why does everything have to always come back towards my brother?"

I shrugged, sighing frustratedly. "I wish all the answers could easily just be told right in front of us."

Flamestar nodded in agreement. "I wonder why the prophecy ended." He added.

"It ended because he died. He was the dog's bone that was going to destroy me. It was right under our noses this whole time yet we still weren't thinking straight or concentrating enough." I exclaimed.

Flamestar scoffed. "Of course he was going too. Once again, it all comes back to him."
The red cat swished his tail. "Anyways, I think you should go. We'll discuss this more when I have some time to think."

I nodded casually before dismissing myself from his den, and padded into the rays of sunshine that were beaming down on the camp.

The sun had successfully climbed up the sky and reached its highest peak, and the leaves on the trees were sparkling with fresh dew.

It was only a few more sunrises till my warriors ceremony, I realized, and I felt excitement start to bubble up inside of me.

I wonder what will change when the time comes.

Soon I found myself padding out of camp unintentionally, and once I came back to my senses I didn't stop myself. I wanted to take a closer look on these rogue scents, anyways.

Crossing into FlameClan territory, my ears instantly perked and I bent my head down to ground level, my muzzle just a whisker away from the dirt as I sniffed my way into the ferns of the forest.

I sent a silent prayer to StarClan that I would bump into or at least track a stale, if not fresh scent of the trespassers.

As I made my way through the arching branches and wavy leaves with stones poking out of the ground, I found myself smell an unfamiliar scent that was rather fresh, making excitement and fear linger in my stomach.

I cautiously stalked forward, eyeing my surroundings carefully.

I could make out a faint figure of a brown, ragged tom that was sniffing at a dead rabbit, and his ears pricked when I accidentally snapped a twig, and he raced away with full speed.

I started to follow him, gaining up my speed as I used long strides.

I realized he was much slower, and only three legs were visible in my vision, so I guess he was in an accident or something.

Soon I was close enough to tackle him, so I hurtled myself full forcedly at the tom and knocked him to the ground.

I triumphantly glared down at him as he struggled underneath me. "Get off me!" He shouted with a rasping voice.

I dug my claws on his legs and made him whimper in pain. "What were you doing on FlameClan territory?" I asked coldly.

He stared up at me with fear and anger in his eyes. It looked as if he knew me.

"What's your name?" I asked after he denied to respond.

Silence.

I forced my claws deeper into his flesh and I was rewarded with a howl of surrender. "Okay! Okay! My name is Missing Foot... I'm on FlameClan territory to get revenge on a certain cat... My leader hasn't spoken his name yet, but he described him... An-anyways my partner is Dying Soul... We work together, and we've been looking for him this whole time." He stuttered with fright.

I was surprised that I had gotten him to speak up. I expected to be ripping his pelt off to make him talk.

"What's the description of the cat you're looking for?" I asked hesitantly, begging for it not to be me.

"A ginger tom... Has white specks and thick fur... Er, green eyes? Gray? I don't really remember, but please don't hurt me." He pleaded, scrunching up his face as if he were preparing for me to strike.

My eyes went from anger to a mixture of fear and shock.

He means Sandpatch. He's looking for my father.

(Once again. Late update. UGHHHHHH. Anyways how do you think this chapter was? I was on edge writing it and I love how it turned out.
Who do you think is Missing Foot and Dying Soul's leader?
Why are they tracking down Sandpatch? Tell me in the comment section!
I hope you enjoyed.
Thanks for reading, voting, commenting, and sharing this story. It means a lot to me!
We're already so close to 6k views. That was really quick!
Love you all, and thanks for such positive feedback!
Peace ✌□□ ~Cleo)

Chapter 20

[image]

(Holy guacamole we're already at Chapter 20???)

I stared down at the ragged tom, horror and mischief bubbling up onto my face like a wave on the ocean floor.

"You're... looking for my father." I murmured, not trying to make it sound like a question. I got off of Missing Foot in bewilderment, and glanced back at him. He was staring at me with fear.

I scowled. "Why are you looking for him?"

Missing Foot scrunched up his face and flattened his ears, and I held back a slight chuckle of how jumpy he was, but my amusement vanished after a moment.

"She said that he was bloodthirsty..." The brown tom mumbled, but then, his eyes went blank and he seemed to have regretted what he said.

"She?" I growled. "Who's she?"

Missing Foot shook his head. "I can't say! If I do she said she would slaughter me... I'm sorry..."

My eyes widened. "Slaughter? Does the same go for Dying Soul, too?"

Missing Foot nodded. "He's the more fierce tom, though, he doesn't back down without a fight. He has thicker skin than I do."

I scoffed. Yeah, I think I get that, I thought.

"Why did you join this 'Clan' of yours?" I asked after there was a moment of silence blessing the air.

"I joined my leaders Clan because I was lonely and I wanted to help.

Only a few cats have joined, and I'm pretty sure one from FlameClan has." He explained, then bowed his head. "I've said too much, I'm sorry, but I can say no more, and I must be going, they're waiting for me." He whispered, then looked around warily, as if he were expecting for something to strike at him.

I could feel my muscles tense and my legs become stiff with shock. My eyes were glazed with surprise and confusion as he explained to me that one of our own joined the one who is fierce and violent. "What does this cat look like?"

Missing Foot swished his tail impatiently. "I can't say what my leader looks like, nor describe the cats who have joined our group."

I growled angrily. "Tell me!"

Missing Foot tensed at my harsh tone. "I can't! Don't you see? We're all in danger of dying!" He shouted, backing up surprisingly quick.

"No." I hissed. "I'm not letting you leave without taking you back to camp."

Missing Foot snarled. "That won't happen."

I gave a sarcastic laugh, knowing that a three legged tom couldn't outrun a young and swift apprentice, but then I felt wary.

I looked around, feeling as if eyes were boring into my head among the lush bushes, yet nothing was in sight except chasing of squirrels and the flying of birds.

I turned back to the tom, but he had already vanished. I shrieked in fury as to let some imaginary feeling take the chance of capturing one of our enemy, but I had too calm myself because now it felt like every eye in the forest were landed on me.

I soon started to pad away, continuing to quicken my pace as I felt someone was following me.

My heart was beating out of my chest and everything seemed to be happening in slow motion.

My head bobbed as I started to bound away, but I still felt the musty breath bathing my tail.

Soon I halted, expecting a large mop of fur being tumbled onto me, but nothing was there, the warm breath seemed to slowly fade, and when I turned around, nothing was in sight.

Confusion mocked me.

All of a sudden, rustling in the bushes alerted my attention and I stiffened in fear.

A large, white tom padded out of hiding, his fur matted with dirt and mud and his eyes were a darkening red.

I started to slowly back away as I noticed his ragged and sharp breathing, wounds dotted on his pelt, making it look as if he was in a very rough situation.

I examined him, and I felt my heart stop in shock and confusion.

His paws... His front paws...

They were red...

"Redeye?" I stammered.

No answer. "Redeye, is that you?" I repeated, taking a small step forward.

I saw him flinch. "Are you alright? Is that really you?" I asked softly.

Silence.

I eyed him carefully, not really trusting the tom anymore considering his identity was now known as dead, or missing.

"We thought you were dead..." I whispered, breaking the silence of the forest.

Redeye shut his eyes and sat on his haunches, making me gain the slightest of hope for him to explain what has happened to him.

"Were you captured by the rogues?" I asked hesitantly, not wanting to frighten him if that was so.

His eyes immediately opened and they began to widen, then he took a shaky breath.

"I couldn't live in the Clans any longer. I couldn't keep living the truth when no one else knew, when they were blaming someone who isn't all that bad..." He rasped quietly.

My ears perked at his words, interest sparking my attention. "What truth?"

My words seemed to have stunned him and made him nervous, because he started unsheathe and sheathe his claws.

"That all along..." He gulped, trailing off and staring at me as if I was a badger.

I was surprised that I had gotten him to talk when all this time has passed since he ran away.

"That all along I wanted to be like Dog Bone. I pretended to be loyal so I could get, if possible, closer to your mother. My brother situated me into killing her... But I didn't do it... But I wanted too, and that's why I joined the rogues. I couldn't live with it any longer, I couldn't live with the fact that my brother was dead. and I need to t-" He paused. "I can say no more." He finished.

I could feel my heart plunge into darkness. Redeye is Dog Bone's brother, too? And he was set up to kill Snowfall, but failed to do so? So that means...

"You're Flamestar's brother, and all this time you wanted to see my mother dead? Why was everyone after her? First my own father, Dog Bone, and now you?" I snarled, baring me teeth in anger, but in my heart I felt betrayed.

"You didn't know what Snowfall was capable of. She isn't what she seems." Redeye stammered.

"What do you mean by that?" I hissed.

"I mean she is not the cat who raised you. She changed, Clearpaw. She is the one who betrayed you and your family."

My heart seemed to have stopped right there and then.

"I don't understand." I murmured.

Redeye nodded. "Exactly, because your life doesn't make sense, Clearpaw. You're being se-!" He was cut off by an angry shriek.

I took a step back, and soon, I saw he was being pulled away. Pulled away... By a cat... But I couldn't get a good glimpse of the creature.

And soon, a screech rang through the forest, and then silence.

My heart was pounding so hard, I could feel it vibrating through out my body.

"Redeye?" I whispered, my mind racing.

No answer.

I slowly stalked forward, and found my breath quicken as I stared down at a motionless body, with dark red eyes glazed and defeated.

Redeye was dead.

And suddenly, a soft voice whispered through the forest, that sounded familiar... But it was too quiet to know for sure.

Don't believe everything you he ar ...

(Hey Batcats! I updated on the right day! Yay!!!
Chapter 20!!! OMG!! That's insane!
Who do you think killed Redeye? Who's voice was that?
Tell me in the comments!
I hope you enjoyed this chapter!
Please remember and thank you for voting, commenting, sharing, and most of all reading this story!
I appreciate it!
Peace ✌🏻 ~Cleo)

Chapter 21

[image]

I padded into camp, my eyes angry and sorrowful as I replayed the image of Redeye's body in my mind, making it quickly bring back the memory of Snowfall's dead, rotting body.

I witnessed so many deaths already... Who was that cat that killed Redeye...? And most of all, who is the actual killer? I wondered anxiously, bowing my head sadly.

All of a sudden, cheers exploded through out the camp and I confusedly glanced up to see all eyes were landed on me.

Flamestar was atop of the Pointed Ledge, his eyes shining, along with Featherpaw, Reedpaw, Dustpaw, Sparrowpaw, Applepaw, and Stormpaw.

I started too slowly pad forward, the cats parting to let me through.

"What's happening?" I asked quietly, looking around in awe as to how many cats were technically treating me like a leader.

"Your warrior ceremony!" Jumpingjay cheered, making the Clan quickly follow, erupting with roars of excitement.

Suddenly I noticed that Sunpaw, Deerpaw and Viperpaw were all gathering around and padding their way towards the Pointed Ledge.

I could feel my mouth start to drop as I stared at the group of apprentices joined atop of the ledge.

"All of us?" I asked in shock. Slight chuckles echoed through out the Clans, but I stayed silent.

Why all of us when some of them have been apprentices longer? I wondered confusedly, but soon it was dismissed and was immediately replaced with excitement of the realization of me becoming a warrior.

Finally! I thought with pure excitement, my confusion and hesitation forgot within moments.

I quickly bounded up the Pointed Ledge, standing beside Stormpaw and giving him a warm glance.

He smiled brightly at me, before leaning in and whispering in my ear; "We've kind of been waiting for you."

I stifled a chuckle. "I can tell with all of you up here and our Clanmates anxiously waiting."

He nodded, before turning away and whispering something to Featherpaw.

Before Flamestar could speak, my mind wandered back to Redeye, and I decided to tell my leader that I witnessed, once again, another death, and that Redeye could have possibly been his forbidden, unknown brother.

Flamestar stepped forward more, his paws barely over the edge. "It's time to begin."

By now I was the last cat to receive my warrior name, and my paws itched to know what Flamestar had in mind for me.

Sunpetal, Vipertooth, Deerpath, Featherflight, Duststorm, Applefall, Stormstrike, Reedwater, and Sparrowdusk were all watching from below, their eyes wide with excitement and curiosity.

I padded towards Flamestar who glanced at me.
I heard him whisper, "Congratulations, Clearpaw," before he turned towards the large crowd gathered under the Pointed Ledge.

"And now for our final ceremony." Flamestar announced, making my breath hitch nervously.

I felt like I had to pause my ceremony for a moment and dedicate my ceremony to Redeye, but I objected to myself because I knew I would be punished.

However, the urge to announce it made me go crazy.

As Flamestar opened his mouth, I opened mine. "Wait." I muttered.

Gasps filled the silenced air, and confused glances were shared among the Clan.

Flamestar stared at me, however he was not angry or upset. He knew me, and whenever I had to say something, he knew it was important.

"I found Redeye in our territory." I exclaimed.

Shocked remarks roared through the crowd, and I noticed Jumpingjay trying to silence them, which soon worked.

"He was killed right in front my of eyes... By a cat. I couldn't see who it was, though, and I was too stunned and frightened to check... But I just had to say, I couldn't hide that from you. You deserve to know what happened. Okay, I'm sorry, I had to announce it." I meowed, looking over at Flamestar, frightened to know what his reaction would be.

However, he was calm, making me stunned.

Why was he so calm?

"That is awful." Flamestar voiced, making the Clan hush each other to listen.

"We shall sit vigil for our long lost friend, and praise his hard work and effort for helping us through thick and thin." He announced, raising his head.

Quiet murmurs were shared among each other, but the majority of the gathered cats stayed silent.

"Let's move on." Flamestar meowed, his voice cracking awkwardly.

Confused glances were exchanged once again, and I included was startled at how quick he passed this on.

Why did he just dismiss this like that? Shouldn't he care? I thought he was close to Redeye... I wondered inwardly.

Flamestar ignored the stares boring into him, and turned back towards me. I noticed an unreadable expression was written on his face, making me wary.

"I, Flamestar, leader of FlameClan, call upon my warrior ancestors to look down on this apprentice. She has trained hard to understand the ways of your noble code, and I commend her to you as a warrior in her turn. Clearpaw, do you promise to uphold the warrior code and to protect and defend your Clan, even at the cost of your life?" Flamestar asked, his unusual side suppressing.

I nodded, giving a firm and straight answer. "I do."

Flamestar gave me a small smile. "Then by the powers of StarClan, I give you your warrior name. Clearpaw, from this moment on you shall be known as Cleardawn. StarClan honors your commitment and courageous spirit, and we welcome you as a full member of FlameClan."

Cheers exploded through out the camp, calling all of our names at once, and then repeating it.

Flamestar rested his head on mine, and I licked his shoulder in return.

I removed my head and bounded down the rocky ledge, bouncing off of it and congratulating my companions, them returning the favor.

"You shall all sit vigil tonight." Flamestar added. We nodded in unison.

I started to pad away, looking around for Sandpatch to see if he was at least proud of his kits, but he didn't seem to be in sight.

I sighed frustratedly and sadly, wishing my father cared about me and my litter mates.

But I guess fate decides.

As I padded away, I could suddenly feel the hard stare of Sandpatch burning my back, making me sigh inwardly for him,

making me surprised that I cared for him, but I guess I understood.

I would be grief-stricken, quiet and distant as well.

Because I knew exactly why he was quiet, one was because he (I guess) really didn't care, and two...

Redeye was his best friend.

(Hey Batcats! Yay I updated on the right day!
Celebration Time come on! *Party City commercial plays* HEY! *swats it away*
So I saw a lot of your comments, and I love how committed and intrigued you are with this story!
I love to read your conversations, so keep it up because I literally like jump with joy when someone comments.
And we're also so close to 7k reads! Holy cow!
Anyways, hope you enjoyed Chapter 21! Wait a minute...? 21? 21?!?! So close to the end :(
Anyways, when the book ends, I'll post some fun facts and an epilogue. :D
Thanks for voting, commenting, sharing, and reading this story!
I appreciate it!
Peace ✌□□~Cleo)

Chapter 22

[image]

I situated myself in front of camp, angling my ears towards the wilderness, my eyes alert and my muscles tense and ready to pounce.

I felt a nudge on my shoulder, and I turned my broad head towards the bright gaze of Sunpetal. She looked concerned.

I'm guessing she knew the rule about not talking, and if you spoke a word it would be called as disrespectful, because she was pointing her paw towards the exit of camp.

I looked closely outside, and I noticed the others surrounding me started to stalk forward, their ears perked and whiskers quivering.

I watched them part their jaws and taste the air, and soon realized that they had tracked a scent that was unfamiliar and not recognizable within FlameClan.

I approached the very tip of the exit, the bright green bushes hovering just a whisker in front of me, and soon I passed it in one swift movement.

Stormstrike signaled for us to stay close, and I didn't overrule his leader-like commands. I instead followed them exactly, herding myself closer to my companions.

I could feel the soft fur of Vipertooth bristling against mine, and I glanced at the broad-shouldered tom and noticed he was stiff with fear.

I sniffed the air, taking a waft of breath in with me, and soon attracted what they had all been fantasizing about, however this was no imaginary thing.

Every one of us scented it, and it was quite strong. It was reeking of

dung and crowfood, making our noses wrinkle in disgust, reminding me of the smell of death.

Soon I suddenly wondered on what had happened to Redeye's body, and if Flamestar or Jumpingjay had sent some elders to carry his body back to camp, but by now I'm pretty sure we'd all be notified if that had happened, because we saw no coming or going elders emerging from the depths of the forest or camp.

I noticed that Featherflight's ears perked, and we all followed at what she was looking at.

A clump of ferns was rustling wildly, and we all tensed, expecting something to pop out of it and attack us. However, it was only just a squirrel.

Applefall, being the cheerful and risk-taking cat, pounced on it and killed it with a swift blow to the neck, accidently stepping on a crippled leaf that crunched under his paw, making us all stare at him frustratedly.

He gazed at us apologetically. "Sorry... But I didn't really make much noise! More prey the better, am I right?"

I scoffed with amusement, followed along by soft chuckles from Deerpath and Reedwater.

Applefall dug a small hole in the ground and buried his catch for later.

We took off once again, tracking down the scents that were mixing together, and suddenly, something familiar wafted around my nose.

Missing Foot! What is he doing back here?

I started to panic, knowing the last time I had encountered him, as well as the first, things went bad. Really, *really* bad.

I didn't dare announce anything about the rogue, fearing that I would be accused for buddying up with him to take down the fierce and bold Redeye, so I remained silent.

Soon we came to a clump of ferns bristling through the harsh winds of the night and creeped into it for hiding.

It was crowded considering how many new warriors were made, but we didn't seem to notice. We were just focused on any movement.

After a few moments have passed, we seemed to have given up. "There's nothing here." Deerpath meowed, groaning angrily to herself. "Maybe we were just imagining it."

I shook my head. "If we imagined it then how come all of us scented something?" I implied. Deerpath snorted, knowing I was right.

A couple of more seconds passed before all of us got antsy. Reedwater and Duststorm started shuffling their paws and whispering things to each other, Featherflight and Stormstrike started to get to their paws, and everyone else, including me, started to talk quietly about a plan.

"Alright, so we sh-" Applefall was cut off by a loud rustling from the bush opposite of us. We all stiffened, swiftly unclasping our small huddle and making a slight hole through the thin branches to see.

A white cat was blurred through the leaves,
But you could get glimpses of a creamy and glossy pelt with brown dapples.

I didn't recognize this cat, but then I noticed a dirtied pink collar, and instantly knew it was a kittypet.

I started to pad out, Stormstrike and Sparrowdusk trying to stop me, but I did anyway, knowing it would be no harm.

My instincts rose, and I started hissing at the cat.

The white dappled cat, startled, jumped in fright.

I stopped, examining this large white furball.

It had incredible dark blue eyes, glimmering in a silver shade from the moon.

My examination was interrupted by a flash of dark fur bathing my vision as someone hurled themselves at the creature, spitting and hissing in fury.

Confusion washed over me as I didn't recognize this well-built tom, and everything moved in slow motion, my mind pausing at how many series of events were being thrown my way.

He was clawing tufts of fur from the screeching cat, and soon I came back to my senses and pounced in the blur of fur and claws.

I separated the two, the tom thrashing in fury and anger, trying to reach the other cat who was shaking violently.

I shoved him to the ground, baring my teeth in his face, which soon made him stop and flatten his ears in defeat.

I felt my heart racing as everything seemed to all come down to me, the large and broad tom struggling underneath me, and a stunned, frozen and unknown cat who was trembling wildly.

I placed my unsheathed claws on his chest, and I guess he noted that I wouldn't hesitate to hurt him, so he calmed down and stopped wriggling.

"Who are you both?" I sneered, my voice hinting insecurity, but I tried to hide it as well as possible.

The white cat didn't speak, however the gray tom made a faithful decision to do so.

"I'm Dying Soul." The dark tom explained, glaring angrily at the trembling ball of fur.

I tensed, *Dying Soul!* I recognized the name almost instantaneously.

As I was frozen, my mind blank and my eyes glittering with fear at the realization, my paws still managed to have a strong hold on the tom and the rest of my Clanmates crawled out of hiding, shuffling over to the white cat.

"What's your name?" "Who are you?" "Why are you on FlameClan

territory?" I heard the bickering of my companions pressuring the cat, but it only seemed to make the cat flatten in fear.

"Er... My name is Sydney... I-I'm a kittypet and I'm here because... Err..." She trailed off, looking mischievous about something.

A few moments passed and she still didn't finish.

I was staring at her, and I could feel my eyes widen in disbelief.

Sydney is... Alive?

(Hey Batcats!
***applause* Oh, thank you thank you! I know I did my duty to update!**
Anyways, I hope you enjoyed this chappie.
I sure did :3
Isn't it weird that Sydney isn't dead...? And how she knows what kittypet is?
And Cleardawn's dream was wrong?
Tell me your theories in the comments!
Thanks for reading, commenting, sharing and voting for this story!
Thanks to you I'm almost at 700 votes and I have 7k reads! YAY!
Love you guys and all your support!
Peace ✌□□~Cleo)

Authors Note (2)

Hey Batcats.

So I'm probably going to update more frequently due to my excitement of finishing this story, as well as yours.

My regular schedule updates will now be:

-Sunday (Usual)
-Wednesday (Usual)
-Friday (New)

This will most likely help me keep up my writing as well as finish the book sooner.

However, if I feel madly stressed with school I won't update on Friday, but the usual days.
I'll try and fit Friday in.

Then I'll go back to writing Sweetleaf's Fate.

I will probably not create a second book, considering that this book would be much more advanced... The second book would be like regular warrior fan fictions (no offense... There are some awesome ones but the majority is like prophecies and battles and all that).

I don't know, I'll make up my mind by the time this story ends.

Thanks for the support and 700 VOTES!

(This will probably not happen) but if this story reached 1k votes...

I would... Omg I would...

I have no idea but I would defiantly freak out.

But that's 300 votes away so I shouldn't get my hopes up XD I'm already super happy with more than 700 votes.

Anyways, I also have questions for you.

1. Do you think this fanfiction could be submitted to the Watty's or is it copyright by Warriors?

2. Should I post a fun facts at the end of this story?

Thanks!

-Cleo

Chapter 23

[image]

"How do you know what a kittypet is? That's only Clan language!" Sunpetal hissed, her lip drawn back in a defensive and suspicious snarl.

I glanced over at the ginger she-cat unfazed about her words until I realized that Sydney did say kittypet.

Most of the twoleg cats FlameClan had encountered wouldn't know what 'kittypet' meant and we would just dismiss it and forget about it... But for some reason lots of us remembered the fact that the majority of kittypets knew their reference name.

Sydney seemed to shy away, noticing her mistake at mentioning the Clan word.

"How do you know what it means?" Sunpetal repeated more gently, trying not to nerve the she-cat so she would gain the courage to speak.

Noticing Sunpetal's tender tone, Sydney glanced around awkwardly, trying to dodge each and everyone one of our stares.

I could feel the weight underneath me wriggle more, and I suddenly remembered Dying Soul was trapped under the depths of my eager paws. I scowled at him, tightening my grip.

"I- Well... I was once a Clan cat... I'm Flamest- I, uh..." She trailed off as she stared into Dying Soul's threatening gaze.

I noticed her flinch in fear, and I glanced down at the gray tom, his eyes burning into her white pelt like daggers.

I growled and shoved him deeper into the dirt, making him exhale a ragged breath as I knocked the wind out of him, making his head turn to the side.

I nodded in triumph, glancing back over at Sydney who seemed to have collected herself together more, noticing the fact that we were trying to dodge the sense of her becoming injured.

"Go on." Applefall urged, kneading the ground eagerly as if he was watching an intense battle.

"Okay." She gave a sharp sigh, before continuing. "I'm Flamestar's sister. You heard me right. His sister. I'm here to..." She stopped, having a thinking face on, and I felt like she was about to lie.

"I came here to try and meet with him, until this foxheart tried to attack me!" She finished, only letting a moment of silence spread within her pause, and I noticed that no one else didn't seem to have been bothered by that.

I turned my gaze towards Dying Soul, and I could feel awkward glances coming towards my way as they realized I was not surprised by the news like everyone else was.

I ignored them, dismissing the tension bubbling inside me and asking the gray tom a quiet question, "why did you attack her?"

Dying Soul shrieked and wriggled underneath me, and he almost knocked me off my paws if it wasn't for Stormstrike racing over to help me hold him down.

I scoffed, feeling annoyance and anger bubble up inside me. "Tell me, fleabag!"

My words seemed to have clawed him in the face, as he became silent, which made a small, faint smirk form on my lips, but it quickly vanished.

As he stayed silent, I realized that he was trying to take the easy way out of escaping. I snorted in my head. *Yeah, no.*

I placed my unsheathed claws on his neck fur, giving him a warning glare.

I guess I convinced him I was actually going to slit his throat, for he gulped nervously. "Okay, I'll talk."

My eyes glowed triumphantly, and we waited a couple moments before he started to speak once again.

Dying Soul glanced at Sydney for a split second, and it seemed as if they were having a small connection before it was gone within the second. He quickly turned back towards me, and I gave him a stern glance.

"As she may have told you, she's Flamestar's sister. I hate Flamestar, and he hates me. I was one of Dog Bone's best friends, as well as Redeye. We were like a group. We were unstoppable. Until *he* killed Dog Bone... And until *SHE* killed Redeye!" He snarled, eyes blazing.

The "he" part totally flew right by me, and I stared directly at Sydney as she seemed as stunned as the rest of the cats around me.

Sydney is the killer? But how? She's a kittypet!

Sydney flared her nostrils angrily, and lunged at the dark tom. "Why did you tell them? I was just doing what I was instructed to do! You traitor!" She clawed at his ears, and I noticed Stormstrike desperately trying to break the fight, and I snapped out of my thoughts, struggling to help him.

At last, after a few claw scratches and bites were shared, we managed to tear the two apart. Sydney was still thrashing furiously, screeching in fury. Dying Soul was huddled up, his fur bristling and his eyes wide. He was bleeding from his leg, however it wasn't badly cut.

Who knew a kittypet was capable of such things.

I pushed the thought away as I knew there were more important things to discuss. "Why did you kill Redeye, and most of all, who instructed you to do such a thing?" Vipertooth asked bitterly, a sense of warmness in his tone so she wouldn't fear of talking.

Sydney shuffled her paws nervously, her eyes grazing the grit that caked the dirt floor.

She stayed silent, and I guess we all assumed it would take more than just a warm-hearted smile to get her to talk again.

"Come on, Sydney. If you were threatened by someone to do so, we won't blame you. Just tell us who told you to kill him." Deerpath murmured, a slight grumble rasping in her voice.

Sparrowdusk gave her a stern glare, as to say that he was giving her a warning glance on not to note the annoyance.

Dying Soul started to thrash again, anger surfacing through his pelt as he started to groan and huff furiously. "You won't blame her?! She killed my best friend for no reason!" He snarled, gazing harshly at Deerpath.

Sydney curled her lip. "Just shut up!" She howled.

We all went silent, taken aback by her strong choice of words.

"I can't tell you who instructed me. I can't. Because... They're... They're dead!" Sydney stuttered, her voice shaking.

We noticed that she started to back up, however Vipertooth, Sparrowdusk, Applefall, Reedwater, Duststorm, and Sunpetal stopped her, forming a huddle around her.

Sydney sneered angrily. "You think you can get away so easily, hm?" She growled. "Not a chance."

And with that, she shoved Sunpetal and Applefall to the ground with an unbelievable amount of force, and raced away with long strides, vanishing among the depths of the thick ferns and branches of the forest.

We all seemed stunned at how strong she was, before we actually realized she got away.

Vipertooth and Reedwater shrieked and bursted after her, however a moment later they came back with bowed heads.

"Her scent isn't anywhere." Reedwater exclaimed defeatedly.

I snorted. "Probably because it's so wet outside from the slight drizzle of water earlier."

Duststorm lashed out on the ground frustratedly. "Foxdung! How could she have got away so easily?"

Dying Soul was staring at the ground blankly, not daring to talk, but we all seemed to ignore him.

All I could think about was who Sydney was talking about, and most of all, who was dead.

(Hey Batcats!
I didn't update on Friday because I was busy, so oh well xD
Sorry that I posted the chapter before, I didn't mean to. It didn't load last time so I had to delete and now I'm republishing.
We're already so close to 800 votes and 8k reads!!!! Yay!
Hope you enjoyed the chapter, thanks for voting, commenting, sharing, and most importantly reading this story!
Thanks again!
Peace ✌□□ ~Cleo)

Chapter 24

[image]

We returned to camp awhile after, sluggishly pedaling through the shadows of the deep green forest.

Before we left to head back, we kept on trekking, following any sign of a scent that connected to Sydney.

However we stopped when it started to downpour, and gave up on searching for her. The scent was already very faint, so it would defiantly be washed away by dawn.

As Vipertooth and Duststorm hauled Dying Soul into camp, the dark tom wriggling fiercely and spitting and hissing angrily.

The noise shattered the gloomy silence of the night, and I could see the glowing eyes of my Clanmates poking their head out of their dens.

I growled and swatted at Dying Soul, annoyed that he woke up some of the Clan up.

It was still dark, but the humid air was spilling onto me with the fresh smell of dew spotting the leaves that signaled the beginning of dawn.

Sleepy murmurs whispered through out the awaken cats, and they curiously padded out of hiding, sniffing the rogue.

In return, Dying Soul tried to snap at them, but he failed due to the blow on his face by Duststorm who gave him a warning scowl.

We dragged him down the dark path towards Flamestar's den, cats forming a single file line to let us through as they watched with fear dazzling their eyes, some sparked with interest.

I was in the lead, alongside Featherflight as we maneuvered up the rocks leading towards Flamestar's den, Duststorm and Vipertooth

struggling to guide Dying Soul up the boulders behind us with the help from Reedwater and Sunpetal.

As Featherflight and I made it to the final flight of steps, we turned and watched as now all the other new warriors were forcing Dying Soul to crawl up the rocks, until finally they managed to settle the gray tom on the cold stone ledge.

Nodding in approval to my companions, I padded into the darkness of Flamestar's den, abandoning Featherflight and calling out a quiet whisper, asking if he was awake.

I could hear rustling from within the shadows, and I knew that I had awoken my leader. Giving a small apology, I strolled fully into the blackness, and only the gleam from the setting moon gave light to his fierce red pelt.

"Cleardawn, what are you doing in my den so early in the morning?" Flamestar retorted, his words slurring, telling me that I really did wake him.

I dipped my head respectfully, guilt transporting itself into my stomach, but I pushed it away and looked back up at him. "Sorry to disturb you, Flamestar, but earlier this morning we spotted an unfamiliar scent and tracked down two cats. However, one had gotten away, but we managed to capture a ragged tom and bring him back into the paws of our Clan." I explained, trying to sound as patient and mature as possible.

I guess my words had convinced Flamestar, for his eyes shown with gratitude as he respected my warrior-like words, and his sleepiness seemed to slowly fade into a well-collected seriousness. "Who is this tom?"

I slightly shifted my head so it was facing towards the waiting cats, and the flicker of light beaming down from the moon showed my face, and all ears and eyes were pointed my way.

I signaled with my tail for them to bring in Dying Soul, and they obeyed in silence. Sunpetal and Reedwater maneuvered the tom inside the depths of the shadows, quickly bowing their heads before

dismissing themselves back into the shadowy light of camp.

Dying Soul grumbled and tried to get to his paws, but I shoved him down with my paw, his aching muscles sore from fighting back, and his bones weak from all the force brought onto him.

Flamestar sniffed the dark gray tom's pelt, obviously not being able to see him well through the darkness, and poked him with a paw.

I stared at him in confusion, my eyes adjusting to the shadows quicker then I expected, and he bent his head down to lick Dying Soul's musty and matted fur.

I cringed in disgust, disturbed by how he didn't seem to regurgitate due to the thick amount of mud and rain soaked into his pelt.

Flamestar licked his whiskers, his gaze shielded with full concentration as he tasted his scent.

I noticed his green eyes widen in surprise, and I suppose he abandoned me to examine the tom more clearly.

"How come you have rogue scent?" Flamestar insisted, breaking the silence that echoed through the den.

I flinched at his voice, knowing well enough that he was agitated considering all the mistakes I had made when I was an apprentice, and how firm and strict his voice was.

We both waited for a response, but we were gifted with a still silence, so still I could hear my heart beating, until suddenly a loud bang shot through the den, and I jumped slightly in surprise.

Flamestar's paw was firmly placed at Dying Soul's rested muzzle, and I assumed he had slammed it warningly at the tom.

I noticed his claws were outstretched and he was baring his teeth angrily. I've never seen Flamestar like this before, and it concerned me on how frightened and fearsome he was acting.

"Flamestar y-" I was cut off by a fierce snap. "Don't tell me what to do! This tom knows very well on who these unfamiliar cat scents

are and I need him to speak up!" He snarled, giving me a warning glint.

I stiffened at his intensity, and decided to stay completely silent for the rest of the conversation.

Flamestar seemed to have lost his temper as Dying Soul still didn't answer, for he clawed at his ears, making the rogue give a warning growl, but it didn't mind Flamestar for he kept whacking.

At last, after his ears start to bleed and skin peeled away, Dying Soul pulled away and acknowledged Flamestar's question.

"I'll talk, just, stop." The gray tom pleaded, staring at his paws as if he was still worried about spilling what he knew.

"I'm working for someone. I'm working for a white cat..." He hesitated, and I could see in his eyes he was uneasy about his decision to announce who has been setting us up this entire time.

"Her name is Sydney."

(Hey Batcats!
Well, what a plot twist, am I right?
I hope you enjoy this chapter and thanks for letting me reach 8k reads and 800 votes! I've been checking on how many reads each chapter gets and it's like at least 100, but the allegiances are at 930 reads! So close to 1k ON ONE PART? WOAH!!
That's a lot!
Thank you!!!
Think we can make it to 10k and 1k votes by the time I finish this book?
That would be such an honor... I'm not kidding.
Anyways, thanks for reading, voting, commenting, and sharing this story!
I appreciate it!
Peace ✌🏻□□
~Cleo)

Chapter 25

[image]

"This isn't possible." Flamestar provoked, and I noticed that his nose was flaring while he was pacing the den.

"Well it certainly is, mousebrain." Dying Soul retorted, dodging Flamestar's fierce and stunned gaze.

I watched with a grudging glance at the dark tom's face to spot out any wariness or unease that could possibly be lingering in his expression, and I sure did notice a lot of it.

I'm not surprised considering he just betrayed Sydney.

As I turned my attention back towards Flamestar, I noticed him pause his pacing to stare at the ground with wide, blank eyes.

As stunned as I was, I believe that my leader was the most shocked at the news. And I sure didn't blame him.

Sydney is his sister.

The thing that made me furious with myself is the fact that we were, just a moment ago, face to face with the cat who started all this drama.

If we would have known about this earlier, she'd be captured and held hostage until her 'clan' of cats split apart and went separate ways.

Or until she answered our questions and promised to never return to FlameClan's sacred land.

As Dying Soul lay there, motionless, I watched Flamestar as he started to pad out of the den, his paws taking graceful glides. He seemed to have suddenly grown a sense of confidence.

As I realized he was leaving and not just sitting in the presence of

the night, I stopped him with my paw, and he swiftly glared at me with apprehension. I gave him a soft and reassuring look, and I felt as if we had a small conversation within the silence.

He motioned with his tail towards the forest, and I stared at the depths of the shaded greenery, and realized that he was going to try and find out more on the rogues.

I dipped my head with understanding gleaming in my eyes, and I let him go.

He stared at me for a moment longer, before exiting the cold and dark den. I sighed, flicking my tail inwardly.

I turned back towards Dying Soul and padded over to him, nudging him up. He obeyed with a struggle.

I stalked in front of him, and emerged from the shadows of the den to be greeted by curious warriors. They huddled around me, whispering things that all clung together like a knot in fur so I wasn't able to understand.

I gave them a warning hiss to be silent, and they diligently obeyed, and I stalked away, Dying Soul by my side.

I was surprised that the tom wasn't trying to escape my presence, for he kept lingering closer and closer to me as he stared into the wilderness. I figured he was now frightened of ever returning to the forest with the thought of a killer just fox lengths away.

The thought of Sydney killing my mother and causing this commotion of another rivalry kept on striking me with a powerful force that I didn't understand, and that I wish would leave me alone.

As we reached a hollow pit at the corner of the warriors den, I signaled for Dying Soul to go in. He hesitated reluctantly, but did as he was told.

As he sat at the base of the gravel that lined the surface of the pit, he stared up at me with a pleading gaze. I seemed to have read his mind as I nodded, turning away and calling out to Featherflight and

Sunpetal to guard him.

I felt as if he was asking me to keep him here, but I ignored the idea.

I noticed that all the other warriors who had joined me on the hunt to find the unfamiliar scent started to linger towards the pit, giving me awkward glances as if they were asking permission to help.

I shrugged, and decided to join them myself.

Dawn slowly started to creep its way in, suffocating the darkness of the night as the stars slowly started to fade to a bright stream of purple, pink and orange.

My eyes sulked as they pleaded to be shut, but I managed to keep them open as I watched the Clan start to stir to life.

I glanced over at my companions, noticing that some were missing all of a sudden.

Confusion made me get up and turn around, wondering if they were behind me. However they weren't.

I glanced at the camp entrance, and sighed in relief to see an exhausted Duststorm, Reedwater and Deerpath. I was glad that they had decided to watch the entrance, for I had completely forgot about our vigil.

When the Clan finally sparked, their attention drawn to the guarded pit, I moved aside to let them through, as well as the other newly made warriors.

As they stared deceivingly down at the pit, I noticed the familiar face of Sandpatch among the crowd.

I watched him as he gazed down at Dying Soul, and their eyes seemed to have locked, for I noticed the gray tom's eyes slowly start to widen.

Sandpatch, noticing that Dying Soul reacted to him, quickly turned away and stalked back towards his den, disappearing among the

shadows.

As I glanced back at Dying Soul, I noticed that he was starting to mutter to himself, and I could feel my breath hitch.

Their reactions of each other startled me, as well as frightened me, but I tried to remain calm as I let the rest of the gathered cats take a peek at the new prisoner.

When the session about Dying Soul was completed, I shook my matted fur, spraying spritz of mud against the others around me.

They hissed with annoyance, and I gave them a small apologetic murmur.

As I watched the Clan start to form a huddle around Jumpingjay for patrols, I tiredly rested my head on my paws, my eyes fluttering.

Soon, they began to close, and I felt myself among another world.

My eyes shot open, alert and wide as I gazed around the familiar land that I didn't seem to recognize.

Soon, I seemed to have remembered on when I was here:

With Dog Bone.

Cautiously expecting an arrival by the white tom, the only thing in sight was the dark shadows of the forest, but no sign or scent of a cat.

Grudgingly giving up, I started to pad forward.

As I felt uneasy, I started to bound, but it seemed as if I was getting no where.

As I eased into a slight trot, a sudden shriek split the air, and the familiar voice made jump in fear.

It was Flamestar.

My head jerked up in fright, my breath ragged and heavy.

It took me a moment to calm down, and as I glanced around warily, I noticed the Clan started to form a large circle around the camp entrance.

Jumpingjay was quietly trying to sooth the terrified cats, and as I got to my paws and padded closer, I noticed that he seemed to be as frightened as everyone else.

Curiously slipping through the mob of fur, I managed to slip to the front where Featherflight and Duststorm were.

I glanced at them uneasily. "What is it?"

They stared at me, their eyes wide with a tingling fear that chilled me.

"Flamestar. We heard him." Featherflight explained.

I swallowed the sudden lump that had formed in my throat, and realized that, once again, I had predicted the future. Or possibly the present.

As I made my way towards the back where Jumpingjay was, I gave him a confused glance.

He looked at me. "Why aren't you going out there to help him?" I hissed.

Jumpingjay did not respond. Scoffing irritably, I scrambled though the crowd and started to bound into the forest myself.

Paw steps behind me signaled me that someone was following, and I turned my head to see Featherflight and Duststorm, however no one else.

As I quickened my pace, parting my jaws to taste the air, I smelled the scent of Flamestar as well as a mingled smell of a rogue.

Trouble was near.

Soon we reached a clump of ferns, and we managed to hide among it.

Rustling ahead made me stiffen, and I poked my nose partially out of the leaves to get a good idea of what it was.

It was the rogue.

As I swiftly removed my muzzle, I watched through a tiny parted hole in the leaves as a cat was dragging Flamestar the through the softened dirt.

I held back an exasperated gasp.

Anger bubbled inside me, and I tried to contain it, but when I noticed the deep wound in Flamestar's chest, I lost my temper.

I snarled and bursted through the ferns, tackling the matted cat.

In return, they slashed out at me, but as they stared into the depths of my eyes, they stopped and hesitated to strike back.

As I stared into the eyes of a brilliant ice blue, my heart seemed to have plummeted with disbelief.

I wiped off the mud that was plastered on the cat, and noticed a thick coat of white fur.

My lips started to tremble in anger.

This couldn't be right.

As I stared back at Featherflight and Duststorm, their eyes were filled with betrayal as well.

The cat underneath me wriggled free, and she stared at all of us with a sympathetic glance, scrunched up innocently.

"Is it really you, Snowfall?" I asked flatly.

"I'm sorry..." She whispered, her eyes sorrowful.

"I'm so sorry..."

(Hey Batcats...
Well... Yeah .-.

Mhm.
Yes.
It is revealed.
I feel really bad for Featherflight, Cleardawn and Duststorm... I mean... Don't you?
Anyways, if you didn't like how it turned out I'm sorry ;-;
The end is nearing and it'll be here before you know it.
Sorry for not updating Sunday. I was super busy.
Hope you enjoyed either way!
I got chills writing this 0.0
Thanks for sharing, voting, commenting, and reading this story!
I appreciate it!
Also thanks for 9k!!!!!
Peace ✌□□
~Cleo)

Chapter 26

[image]

My lip was drawn back in a fierce snarl, my eyes narrowed, tail flicking, back arched, and ears flat.

I wasn't even pleased to know that my mother was still alive. I was angry. And betrayed.

The mother I always looked up to is now a cold-hearted fleabag.

"You made us think this whole time you were dead, when really you were taking down our Clan one by one. You're shameful. Greedy. You're a foxheart. You're some old pile of foxdung rotting in the darkness. How could you watch your own kits suffer? How? Why do you have to be filled with such... Such hate?" Duststorm sneered, his teeth bared. His voice was shaky with a mixture of betrayal and grief. I didn't blame him. Not at all.

We were all in shock here.

All of us stared at Snowfall with such ferocity, that it seemed to have frightened her.

"I'm sorry!" She repeated, her ears flat with dread. "I never wanted to hurt you. Never." She explained, and we all seemed to forget about Flamestar right then.

"Well, you did." I spat, my eyes watering from all the emotions that were weighted on my shoulders. "You hurt us more then ever. Pretending to be dead? Did you even see how we reacted when we saw your bod-" I trailed off as I remembered the clear image of the white rotting cat, and I stared at her in disgust. "Who was that cat?" I whispered bitterly.

I noticed from the corner of my eye that Featherflight and Duststorm's eyes slowly started to widen at the realization that the rotten body that we all predicted was Snowfall, was actually not.

I could tell that Snowfall was starting to shuffle her paws nervously, taking a large gulp that rang through my ears noticeably.

"I-," she paused, desperately gazing anywhere other then us.

I hissed. "You know what? Just say it, alright? Just say it. Stop trying to act innocent. Stop trying to be sad. Just stop trying and just say it!"

Snowfall seemed to have been taken aback by my harsh words, but I did not regret what I had said. I have put all my energy and time in trying to figure out who the true killer is and now I realized all the work and time put into the investigation was all for nothing. She was alive this whole time. She abandoned us. *Nothing* is worse then that.

As I watched her with an intense expression, I noticed that her face seemed to have hardened, and she looked more bitter then I had ever seen.

"I don't know who the body was." Snowfall insisted coldly, her eyes narrowed slightly.

As I realized she was for sure ticked off, I took the blame for it, but said nothing.

"Of course you do. You set us up." Featherflight squeaked, and her high pitched squeaking made me break from my thoughts.

I focused on trying to make my face as intense and angry as possible, baring my teeth and flattening my ears tighter against my head and bristling my fur.

Snowfall, ignoring us, started to turn.

As I felt my face automatically change to a progressing fear of her possibly getting away, I started to quickly pad forward, however I was stopped by the sudden abrupt halt from Snowfall.

She turned back towards me, lifting her head slightly with her eyes still narrowed slits.

I watched her carefully, making sure she wouldn't dash into the woods like Sydney had done.

I slowly stalked forward, one paw step at a time, acting as if she was a robin pecking at seeds, and if I made one mistaken, it would take flight.

Snowfall watched me intently, her tail slowly lifting, and I expected the worse.

We all know knew she always had a back up plan, and we dreaded what would bestow upon us.

All of a sudden, rustling shook through out all the bushes around us, and we all stiffened in fear.

Cats started to emerge from the leaves, their teeth bared, claws outstretched, tails lashing... Eyes deceitful... Possessive.

"You dare mock my actions?" Snowfall sneered, padding towards us. "You dare to do so, hm?"

I noticed Featherflight breathing heavily while Duststorm's eyes widen in fright.

I was doing both.

There were so many... And some I recognized from other Clans...

Missing Foot and Sydney were among the group.

Snowfall slowly moved her head towards Sydney, giving her a slight nod to approach her.

The white she-cat stepped forward automatically, standing by her side.

As I searched each of the cats faces, I couldn't help but feel the fear that they could possibly be possessed.

"We are here for Sandpatch." They echoed together suddenly.

A wave of shock made me stumble back. *Why would they want Sandpatch out of all the cats in the forest?*

"Why?" Duststorm asked in surprise.

They didn't answer.

As I focused my attention towards the slight similarities between Snowfall and Sydney, my stomach started to twist.

"Why did you use a kittypet to set us up?" I asked, not meaning to change the subject.

Every cat ignored me, except for the two she-cats standing in the front.

They stared at me with such power and anger, and it made me take a step back.

"She was my replacement. She was the cat who killed Redeye. She was the cat who pretended to be me. She was me." Snowfall explained flatly.

"What do you mean she is you? You aren't related." I implied.

Snowfall chuckled. "You really don't know everything, do you?"

I shook my head nervously.

Sydney sighed amusedly. "Can't you see she chose me to take down Flamestar? The cat he least expected?"

Shock overwhelmed me so strongly, that I could feel the throbbing rumble through my head.

"How could you do this to your own brother? Why not choose Dog Bone instead?" I asked angrily.

Sydney stared at me, and I could see the slightest bit of compassion in her dark blue eyes.

"Flamestar... He's not brother." Sydney announced. "He's my father."

"Then that makes it even worse!" I spat. "Why do this to your father? Why did he lie to me?"

"He lied to you because he was scared of me. He didn't want you hurt." Sydney explained.

"He sees me as a traitor."

"But why?" Duststorm intruded confusedly.

Sydney switched her gaze from me to my brother. "Because I killed my mother. The one he loved most." She turned back towards me and gave me a deceptive smile.

"He exiled me from the Clan, demanding to the former leader, Cornstar, that I am an ambitious killer. That is why I want revenge on him, as well as Sandpatch. Snowfall and I have our similarities, and we had toms in our life who threatened us. Flamestar feared the worst for his Clan, and he suffered a long, dreadful mourning for Cleardusk." She meowed the last name with such hate, that it overwhelmed me.

As she stared at me, I soon realized the frightening, grieving truth.

I am the memory of Cleardusk that Flamestar loves.

(Hey Batcats.
Sorry for not updating Friday and for updating later at night.
I hope you enjoyed this, and I hope it wasn't too confusing...
THANK YOU FOR 900 VOTES OMG!!!
AND 9k READS!!
:D
Thanks for reading, commenting, sharing, and voting for this book!
Love you guys!
Peace ✌□□
~Cleo)

Chapter 27

[image]

"Is that why he named me Cleardawn? After her?" I asked cautiously.

Sydney nodded.

"Well how do you know for sure?" Featherflight insisted, her legs shaking.

Sydney snorted amusedly, giving a sly grin. "I just know."

I narrowed my eyes suspiciously, glaring at the white she-cat in anger, hiding the small blush forming up on my cheeks. "That doesn't mean anything. You haven't seen him in moons."

Sydney turned towards me, her head held high and her tail flicking. "Oh, yes I have. I've found him in the forest a couple times before, and I could see the fear in his eyes when I approached him. He knows I wouldn't hesitate to kill him, so he spilled me everything I asked. I even questioned some things about you, and you know what he said?" She asked me sternly.

I gulped down the large lump floating in my throat, however it wouldn't budge and it held on tight.

"How did you know about me before?" I asked first, not caring to mention the other question because I knew what the answer would be.

"I've known you for a long time, Cleardawn. Aren't you mousebrained? I'm working for Snowfall!" Sydney chuckled lightly, followed by a wave of soft laughs through out the cats, however it sounded fake, and the expressions of the grouped cats were blank and lifeless.

A splash of shame washed over me as I realized I asked an obvious

question, and I even noticed the slight glares of my siblings.

"Right..." I muttered quietly, glaring at my paws embarrassedly.

"Why did you do it?" Duststorm blurted out, his eyes concerned as well as blazing with anger.

Sydney moved her gaze towards him. "Do what?"

I slowly lifted my head, still pretending as if I wasn't listening. Duststorm glared at her.

"You know what."

Sydney scoffed amusedly. "No, I really don't."

"Why did you kill her?" Duststorm snarled annoyedly, tired of all the punctuating rivalry that has been rising among the forest.

The white she-cat didn't even flinch. She was completely still, unbothered by his roaring tone. "I killed my mother because she was abusive to Dog Bone."

My brother shook his head, unsatisfied. "Who's Dog Bone?"

Sydney stared at him fiercely, her tail fur starting to rise in defense and annoyance. "He's my *dead* brother, mousebrain. I mentioned this before, remember?"

Once again, another face of shame appeared among a cats expression, which happened to be among my side. Mine heated cheeks were slowly fading, but Duststorm's quickly rising.

As I fully recovered my embarrassing moment, I lifted my head up, not bothered by Sydney's sly expression.

"Who killed him?" I asked, more out of curiosity than persuasion. I already had my answer for why Sydney killed Cleardusk, but now I must know the deeper meaning to Dog Bone's death, and what could've been so horrible about it like he had mentioned in my dream.

A moment ago I remembered what Sydney had mentioned earlier that night when we found her in the woods with Dying Soul. She included a word that my companions and I did not notice or intend to figure important, however it still stuck to my brain like claws snatched to flesh.

"You mentioned a 'he' earlier, and we didn't seem to notice considering the shock we had of the reveal of you killing Redeye. Who killed your brother?" I repeated, noticing that Sydney had stayed silent.

Snowfall shared a glance with her friend, an allowing look on her face which replaced Sydney's frightened one with a more collected expression. She turned back towards us with Snowfall's eyes following.

For a moment, I ignored Sydney and watched Snowfall in grief and hate.

She was staring at me, and her eyes shone with a sense of pride that did not conclude with my siblings and I, but towards Sydney and her 'Clan' of cats.

Hurt pressured my heart as I realized my mother could have been there for my ceremonies, been there when I needed her, and most of all, been there when I missed her most. I could've grown up with a mother. She would've been the sweet, caring she-cat I knew all along.

This new version of her was nothing near normal, and I know she has changed over the countless murders and kidnappings that have most likely occurred in her life.

Sighing and shaking my head to clear my mind, I turned back towards Sydney, and took a breath of relief to the notice that she has not started speaking yet.

She was staring at the ground, her dark eyes blazing with a mischievous look.

After a few moments had passed of her silently debating with

herself, she glanced back towards all of us, her eyes wide and angered.

"Your father killed my brother. That's another reason why I want to capture him. My brother was apart of this rogue clan from the start, until one day I found Sandpatch dragging Dog Bone's body to a mashed grass pile surrounded by long green blades of it.
His body... Oh it was horrid. It was as if he was... Mush. He was rotting, I should say. His red eyes were slowly being chewed away, and blood was seeped deep in his fur. The acrid smell wafted all along the flowers and dirt, and possibly even onto my pelt. Who knew a soul could ever do something so violent and cruel. I couldn't even manage to do that!" Sydney exclaimed, her claws unsheathed and scraping the earth.

My heart started to speed up as I remembered the clear image of the rotting body, and the grassy area it was found in.

Sandpatch did that all along? But if it was never Snowfall... Why did he do it? My mind was whirling with a million thoughts, that my head started to pound.

I took in a shaky breath. "I found Dog Bone. I found him. Sandpatch was making it seem as if it were Snowfall. He knew you were alive. He knew all along! He didn't want us to find out about you. I knew it... I knew he was the traitor." I snarled to my mother, my eyes green fire as I replayed the scene that had occurred when I was only a few moons old.

That whole belief that it was Snowfall, was fake.

Sandpatch made us suffer more, watching us grieve for the wrong cat. He enjoyed it. Every second of it.

All along, my prediction was correct.

He was the cat that we could not trust, nor seek advice from.

None of these cats were trustworthy.

As I realized the memo, I looked around.

All the cats I assumed were innocent, are actually heartless.

My lesson has been learned.

Stop trusting the innocent and start following the bold.

(Hey Batcats.
Sorry for the later update, I didn't have much time to update or write this week.
Anyways.
10K READS AND 1K VOTES!!!!!
YOU DONT EVEN UNDERSTAND IT ANYMORE. THIS HAS BEEN A GOAL I HAVE BEEN TRYING TO ACHIEVE FOR THE LONGEST TIME.
I AM SO HAPPY AND GRATEFUL FOR SUCH AWESOME VIEWERS AND I LOVE YOU SO MUCHHH.
Anyways. *clears throats*
Hope you enjoyed this chapter, and as always thank you for commenting, sharing, VOTING, and READING this story!
I truly appreciate it!
Love you.
Peace ✌□□ ~Cleo)

Authors Note

Sorry for not updating.

I'm really stressed out with school and I honestly don't have the time to write that much anymore and it annoys me and makes me angry.

Updates are going to be slower, so please understand that I am in a tough situation at the moment.

There's a lot of things personal and I'm very confused abou things and.. Ugh I'm not even gonna get into it.

Just please don't be mad at me.

Thanks for understanding.

I'll try and update tomorrow or Friday...

~Cleo

Chapter 28

[image]

Silence thickened the air as our stares were locked and wouldn't dare to budge even if we tried to force them apart, until a groan shattered the quietness that filled the atmosphere.

All eyes were suddenly landed on Flamestar, the blood that was seeping out of his chest had stopped, but the remains of flesh and dried blood were matted on the wound with large drops of red on the ground.

He was awake!

Flamestar glanced around, his eyes glazed and mystified as he examined the lurking cats.

Snowfall was about to slash out at him, but a flash of blue-gray flung onto her, spitting and hissing with rage.

My mother, startled by the sudden impact, tried to thrash free from the tom's grasp, but it was no use.

My eyes brightened when I recognized the familiar pelt as Jumpingjay. His usual calm and sweet blue eyes were now sorrowful and infuriated while his sleek fur was matted and bristling.

The uprising cats started to face toward the small tom, their eyes turning dark and wary. Sydney faced towards Jumpingjay, her tail beginning to rise.

I knew what was coming. The moment she flickered her tail, the mob of cats would swallow Jumpingjay into a blur of claws and tails.

My siblings were frozen in fear, and I knew I had to stop her.

Bunching up my muscles, crouching down with my fur flat, I

watched intently for a split second before I leapt with all the force I could manage.

I flung myself at Sydney, my claws already sinking into her flesh as I stopped her from making the harmful flick of her tail that could easily skin Jumpingjay alive immediately.

Spitting and hissing, I lashed out at all the tender areas I could possibly manage, triumph washing over me like a wave as I noticed the thick ooze of blood drenching the white pelt of Sydney. I took multiple blows to the head, almost stumbling off my paws from the impact, but still managed to have a firm grip on the she-cat.

Sydney tussled me so I was on the ground, our claws clinging to each other's fur as we both battled to see who could rake the most fur and blood.

Sydney won. My mind became heavy, my eyes becoming a thick glaze as I blindly tried to be released from her.

I could feel the weird sensation of blood pooling out of me as she kept kicking her hind legs into my belly, knocking the air out of me so much that I thought I was going to die.

Her claws scoring my flesh like I was made of ash, her front paws whacking my head furiously, until all of a sudden the weight above me vanished.

I lay there, breathing heavily with blood soaking into the ground.

I glared at who my savior was, and I could see the familiar pelt of Sparrowdusk.

His muscles gleamed like the shining sun above as he viciously attacked Sydney, his white claws already stained.

His gray pelt was being splattered with dirt for at times he would miss her from her impressive dodging and kick the mud instead.

I watched in awe while Featherflight and Duststorm bounded towards me with a herd of cats behind them. "We managed to snap them out of their shock in a matter of time. Are you alright?"

Featherflight acknowledged, helping me to my paws.

I shook my pelt, my eyes dazed as I gazed back at my savior.

Stormstrike rushed up to me with long strides, staring at me with a worried glance. "Are you alright?" He meowed softly.

I nodded solemnly, giving a small, half-hearted smile.

Reedwater bounded over to Duststorm, licking his ear in relief. "Dear StarClan, you scared me!" He exclaimed nervously. "The way you boisterously yowled in camp, I thought a pack of foxes were eating you alive!"

Duststorm chuckled, flicking his ear gently with his tail tip.

I smiled happily at them, encouraging their relationship as it seemed to grow more and more as time progressed.

I turned towards Stormstrike, opening my mouth to speak, but soon closing it when I realized he had gone to chat with Featherflight.

I returned my gaze back towards the swarm of rivaling cats, realizing that many of ours started to shake some sense into them.

Their glazed eyes started to return to normal, and some looked around confusedly as if they didn't know where they were.

"Shoo! Return to your territory. This is FlameClan's and we need none of your mishap." A familiar voice roared, frightening some of the cats. It was Lionclaw.

Tigerflower and Applefall were shuffling towards the cats, forcing them to back up as they started to turn tail and run.

Sunpetal, Vipertooth, Volepaw, and Deerpath soon joined in to release the cats to their proper home.

Sydney was snarling in anger that we managed to renew the cats memory and return them safely and soundly to their homes.

Snowfall was struggling out of the many cats that had helped

Jumpingjay, hissing and slashing out blindly at any pelt she could manage.

Sparrowdusk was reunited with Hawksoar, Darkgaze and Poppyseed who were helping him keep Sydney firmly planted to the ground.

I spotted the familiar pelt of Sandpatch, his gaze trailing towards Snowfall as he examined his former mate.

I watched him intently, wondering what his reaction would be.

He padded towards her, and I stalked forward so I could hear what he was saying.

"What did you feed those cats?" He asked calmly.

Snowfall stared up at him, rage sparkling in her eyes. "You traitor! You tried to kill me! You thought Dog Bone was me, didn't you? Is that it? You pathetic excuse for a warrior! More like a flea-bagged foxheart!"

Sandpatch stayed absolutely still, her words not bothering him as he returned her harsh gaze.

"What did you feed those cats?" He repeated.

Snowfall narrowed her eyes, Jumpingjay and his crew holding her down so she wasn't able to slash out at my father. "I fed them Devil's Breath."

Confused glances were aimed at her. "What is that?" A cat yowled.

She sighed, looking away. "I moved in with a Twoleg the moment I ran away from the Clan... I thought I would be safe, but I was wrong. My Twoleg was a... What did they call it? Oh yeah. They were a drug... Addict? Is that it? I think. Anyways, he had these flower things, and he kept on smashing them into dust or pulp, and he blew it on people who walked by his house. They fainted, but he told them what to do and they followed him around. They would wake up from their possession somewhere where they didn't recognize. I stole some leaves and did what he did with these cats

after he was taken away by other Twolegs in gray twigs."

All eyes were widened. Even Sydney's.

Did she not know about this? I wondered.

"How come you didn't tell me about this? You lied to me saying you were granted a power by the Dark Forest so we could rule the Clans. How come we haven't used this 'Devil's Breath' with Sandpatch and Flamestar?" She hissed tartly, her eyes narrowed with an unexplainable expression.

Snowfall bared her teeth in defense. "Because if I told you I know you'd take advantage of it."

Sydney scoffed. "Yeah right, like you haven't already?"

"I was just trying to protect myself and my kits!"

Silence blurred the commotion until the tension between the two cats died down and Sydney's face became flat. "Of course you did. Because you're selfish."

I stepped forward, anger bubbling inside of me. "She's lying." I stated, glaring at Sydney. "How can you not know that by now? She doesn't want to protect us. She wants us to be hurt. Grieved by the loss of her fake death. She's selfish, like you say, but she's not trustworthy."

Sydney stared at me. Her eyes seemed to be a collected respect. "I understand." She meowed flatly, returning her gaze towards Snowfall. "I guess I can't trust you anymore."

My mother managed to get to her paws, Jumpingjay and the rest of the guards making sure she wouldn't break free as her tail lashed furiously. "I'm not selfish! I'm trustworthy! The whole reason this mess started was when Sandpatch threatened me!"

All eyes were immediately placed on Sandpatch, his tail twitching irritably.

"You wanna know the reason why I threatened you?" He asked

smoothly, his eyes blazing.

Snowfall nodded, her eyes narrowed.

"I was scared for you. I wanted you to leave. Dog Bone was going to kill you. And yes, I was the one who killed him. I was protecting Flamestar and you. He was looking for you when he was prowling through our territory and I knew if I didn't do something right then, you would be crow-food." Sandpatch exclaimed, his eyes glittering with tears.

I twitched my whiskers.

He then glanced at us, his kits, consideration gleaming in his eyes.

"And I've always loved you."

Duststorm curled his lip in the beginning of a snarl. "Sure you do. Ignoring us and not telling us the truth, sure seems like love to me."

Sandpatch shook his head, padding towards us. "You don't understand."

"You're right on that." Featherflight retorted, unsheathing and sheathing her claws.

"I never wanted to hurt you. I couldn't tell you that Snowfall was alive because I knew you'd struggle with the fact that she left you." He explained softly, looking at me with grieved eyes.

I held back a cringe.

"Well, telling the truth would've been better." I muttered.

"I made a mistake."

I sighed, bowing my head.

"It's hard to forgive someone who I always thought hated me."

Sandpatch nodded understandingly. "I know. But I've always wanted to be a good father. I never meant for this to turn out like

this."

I stared up at him, gazing at him.

"I know."

All of a sudden, Flamestar limped towards us, both our eyes widening in shock.

"We should get Ashcloud." Duststorm acknowledged, glancing at his leader uneasily.

Flamestar flicked his tail, signaling to him to be silent. "Later."

He stared at Sandpatch. "I think it's time that we forgave."

My father stared at me, and for the first time in forever **(A/N: IN THE FIRST TIME IN FOREVER... Okay sorry)** I could see a sign of respect, care and love.

Our eyes locked for the longest moment, that I thought it would never break, until he finally said the words I wish he said long ago.

"I'm sorry."

(Hey Batcats!
Thank you so much for your patience.
I was struggling with some problems but now they've calmed.
This chapter was very long because it's my apology.
I hope you enjoyed it!
Thanks for over 10k reads and 1k votes!
I can't believe we've come this far!!!
I also hope you liked the slight romance. I think you get the hint who's going to be with who...
Anyways thanks for reading, commenting, sharing, and voting for this story!
It means a LOT to me!
Love you!!!
Peace ✌
~Cleo)

Authors Note (4)

Hey Batcats!

Guess what everyone!!!!

I made my very own QuizUp topic on this story! So far there are 25 questions, some tricky and some easy.

Please play it!!

Compete against each other to see who knows the most about it!!!

WARNING: IF YOU HAVE NOT READ UP TILL THE LAST CHAPTER (28) PLEASE DO NOT PLAY! OR JUST LIKE READ ALL OF IT XD

Thanks so much!

I'd love for this to be known!!!

I'll give shoutouts EVERY month for who the best is for that month.

Love you, and have fun!

~Cleo

Chapter 29

[image]

(Sorry that the cat in the picture has a leash. It was the closest pic I could find for Goldensun.)

Flamestar breathed in a heavy gust of air as we padded side by side, paw-steps moving in unison.

"I'm glad Sandpatch admitted his feelings to you." He acknowledged, staring down at me.

"Did you know that he really felt this way? That he just wanted to protect us?" I asked quietly, not bothering to return his gaze.

Flamestar sighed, his ears flicking as he stared back at the dust caked trail. "No. Ever since your mother went missing, Sandpatch and I haven't talked much."

"I have a question." I meowed, my tail trailing behind me as its energy seemed to drain out.

"Seems like you've already been asking some, so shoot."

I ignored the teasing beginning of his ongoing sentence and swiped my tongue over my whiskers. "What makes me remind you of Cleardusk?"

My question seemed to have startled him, for he halted, making the wave of cats behind us pause as well.

"What?" I asked nervously, nudging him with my tail for him to keep walking as I felt the curious eyes peeking at us.

He shook his head, and continued to walk, however with unsteady movements. "How do you know about my mother?"

I glanced at him, and saw his eyes were distant. "Sydney told me about her..."

I noticed his lip starting to curl in the beginning of a snarl.

"Flamestar." I whispered, concern and a slight bit of anger in my eyes, "why haven't you also told me that all along Sydney was your daughter?"

He bowed his head when I finished, and I could see the shame in his eyes for lying to me. "I was trying to protect you."

I sneered. "I think some cats should realize that I can protect myself. I don't need others to rely on. Plus, how is that even protecting me?"

"I was scared." He started. "She killed my mother, and you've always reminded me of her, and I didn't want to experience something like that again with someone I love."

"Is that why I was your apprentice?" I whispered, staring at my paws blankly.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw him nod. "So I would know everyday you would be safe."

I glanced up again. "What are you saying, Flamestar?"

For a moment I thought he wasn't going to respond, for he kept his gaze on the trail ahead, until finally he spoke. "You know why."

I sighed, nodding. I did know. After all, the whole argument with Sydney practically revealed what Flamestar felt for me.

"But I know you'll never feel the same way." He meowed silently, his eyes sorrowful.

"I'm sorry." I whispered. "I think of you more as a father figure than as a mate."

He sighed. "I understand."

Our conversation ended on that, and the awkwardness seemed to glimmer like fresh dew on a leaf.

Another few moments passed until the camp entrance was at view with the sign of curious heads poking above the bramble thicket surrounding the barrier of camp.

Deciding to end the cloud of tension, I bounced forward, abandoning the cats that trailed behind Flamestar.

Greetings were thrown my way as I passed through, my eyes glimmering.

As I padded into camp, I noticed the feared face of Swiftbird, curling her tail around her two kits, Bumblekit and Larchkit.

Last time I saw them, which was when they were first born, they were only small bundles of fur. Since then, they have grown dramatically.

I noticed their bright colorations, bolder then when they first arrived.

Larchkit was a small golden tom with gray paws and bright green eyes, resembling Lionclaw, while Bumblekit was a light gray tom with golden eyes, resembling Swiftbird.

I dipped my head to the small family, peeling my eyes away from the two kits to glance behind me. I was just in time to see flood of emerging cats swarming out of the shadows of the forest.

Sandpatch, Duststorm and Featherflight were tugging at Snowfall's matted pelt, leading her towards the hollow pit where Dying Soul stayed.

Sydney was being guided by Poppyseed, Fawnfrost and Vipertooth, nearly tossing her into the prisoners den.

I padded towards the group of cats, and watched as Snowfall and Sydney sneered at the rogue who was already in captivity.

Sandpatch was glaring at Dying Soul as if he wanted to torment him, like his expression was the morning after we captured the rogue, and I decided to ask him a few things on why he looked so threatened by the rogue's presence.

I padded towards him, flicking my tail for him to follow me. Surprisingly, he obediently agreed, stepping away from the hollowed pit to a shadowy corner.

"Why does it seem as if you swear vengeance on Dying Soul?" I retorted, but not as fierce as I would've done if he hadn't apologized to my litter mates and me.

Sandpatch snorted, however he didn't seem annoyed as he would've been. "Because I've known he was the cat who was scouting through our territory trying to find *me*."

Realization washed through me, and my eyes softened, and all I could manage to say was, "oh."

Padding away, guessing that the conversation was over, I spotted Sparrowdusk glancing around at the cats passing by, slowly chewing a vole by the fresh-kill pile.

I decided to join him, prowling towards the gray tom.

He glanced up at me, a warm smile on his face with the remnants of vole on his whiskers and chin.

I chuckled, lying down and tucking my paws under my chest.

He pushed the remains of the vole towards me, and I gave a thankful nudge before devouring it in ravishing bites.

"Thanks for stopping Sydney. I probably would've bled out if it wasn't for you." I mumbled through the mouthful of flesh.

"Oh, my pleasure. And you know, you might've considering Duststorm and Featherflight had gone to find us." Sparrowdusk added, flicking his tail.

I nodded, giving a sheepish smile.

Silence started to evolve, but it wasn't awkward. It was relaxing and peaceful.

It was broken, however, when Sparrowdusk started to speak.

"Cleardawn...?"

"Yeah?" I replied, staring at him.

As I was gazing at him, I realized I seemed to hold a special place for the tom, even if we had our bickers. I realized I have opened up to him more than I would for anyone else.

As he spoke his question, it startled me in every way, for I was not expecting it from him out of all cats to be so honest and confident.

"I know we may not talk much, and that we've had our arguments. But I believe we have something special. In my eyes I see you more than just a friend, and in my heart I know you do too. So Cleardawn, I must ask, will you be my mate?"

(Hey Batcats.
I'm deeply sorry for not updating the past few weeks.
I've been struggling with the realization that a close friend of mine is moving.
But now that it has come to reality, I am up to update more often again.
We have one chapter left until the book is over.
I'm debating with myself whether or not I should make a second book, so please help me on that by commenting what you think!
I appreciate your patience!
Now, some of you may be disappointed that I chose Sparrowdusk over the many other cats I could've chosen, and some of you may be super stoked.
I hope you're okay with the fact that he asked her to be his mate.
Also thanks for over 13k reads!!! 💕
Now, as always:
Thanks for voting, commenting, sharing, and reading this story. You know that I truly appreciate your gratitude.
I love you guys!
Peace! ✌🏻🏻
~Cleo)

Authors Note (5)

Hey Batcats.

Like I said in the last chapter, I've been thinking about making a sequel to this book, and I'm wondering what you all think.

Should I?

Should I not?

If not I will have a different ending. If I do, it'll be a different ending as well.

So it's your choice!

Thanks!

~Cleo ✌

Authors Note (6)

I'm sorry it's been taking me so long to update the last chapter.

At first I thought I was finished then I realized I missed a huge chunk that is at least 1,300 words to write... So it won't be a while till I update.

Thanks for your patience.

~Cleo

Chapter 30

[image]

(WELP I LIED. THERE WILL BE ONE MORE CHAPTER BECAUSE THIS BECAME WAY TOO LONG)

"Sparrowdusk..." I started in a soft tone, not sure what else to say.

"It's okay. You don't have to tell me right away." He reassured.

I sighed in relief, giving him a small smile.

I was thankful for him letting me take my time. This decision would effect me for the rest of my life, and I'm still confused on how I feel.

Apart of me that has heart-felt feelings for Stormstrike, yet I do have a part of me who is deeply considerate and appreciative of Sparrowdusk.

As we sat in silence, I could hear the rustling of the trees above, the wind starting to whisper a warning that a storm was emerging.

I got to my paws, not wanting to get wet from the upcoming rain, and flicked my tail in farewell to Sparrowdusk as I padded towards the warriors den.

I slouched down in my nest, waiting arrival of the crackling of thunder and the blaze of lightning.

It soon approached just a few moments after I got comfortable in my bedding.

I watched in wonder as my Clan-mates started to scurry to their dens, the rain already soaking their fur before they even arrived in their nest.

I saw Sparrowdusk bounding towards the many warriors already around me, and he slid inside skillfully, shaking his rained pelt and giving me a sheepish grin.

I nudged him, my whiskers twitching in amusement as droplets of rain dripped from his head fur into his dark blue eyes.

He turned and flicked my nose teasingly before padding towards his nest, shaking his pelt one last time before circling his bedding and curling into a heap of wet fur.

I smiled at him, wondering what it would be like to become a mate to a cat, and to maybe even be a mother of kits.

My mind settled on the thought of bearing kits, and for a moment I felt my heart tear in fear of ever experiencing the pain that Swiftbird had when she gave birth to Bumblekit and Larchkit, until I realized how happy the queen looked, and how strong and bold her two kits have become, which made me feel confident. The lingering thought made me give a slight purr as I imagined my future kits, warm and snug in the nursery, then soon becoming noble and loyal warriors.

I curled up, the thought still planted in my mind as I wrapped my tail around my nose and tried to fall asleep, but it wouldn't come.

I mumbled to myself, trying to think about something soft that made me feel even more joy so I could feel relaxed, yet I still wouldn't grant myself sleep.

I clawed at my moss bedding, annoyed that I wasn't tired.

I got to my paws, sweeping my eyes back and forth to see some cats sharing tongues within their nest.

I faced the entrance to the den, squinted my eyes and looked afar, noticing some cats were in the rain, challenging themselves for patrols and to even upgrade dens.

My thoughts hovered over how Dying Soul, my mother and Sydney were doing, and I felt the sudden urge to go and check up on them.

I gave one last glance at the warm warriors den before bounding outside into the heavy storm.

The rain splattered my pelt, chilling my bones as it felt like ice was

being poured into my blood.

I flattened my ears against my head with my eyes strained to keep open as I slithered towards the almost invisible prisoners den.

When I finally reached it, I saw the soaked pelts of white and gray as they huddled together for warmth.

I frowned. "Are you alright?" I yowled, loud enough for them to hear through the raging winds.

I heard a quiet grunt come from Dying Soul.

I decided to get something to cover them up, so, padding away, I climbed up into the forest, slipping through the bramble thicket and pushing through the large, flailing leaves.

The trees were whirling in circles and many of their leaves flew off, some even landing on me.

I heaved myself over a large fallen branch, glancing behind me with narrowed eyes before I kept trekking forward.

Finally I reached a pile of sodden sticks and moss in a flooded hollow tree and grabbed some in my parted jaws, trying not to get my paws dirty.

Looking up, I noticed that the clouds took over the sky and left no trace of blue.

There was no prey in sight, and it seemed as if the ground were being swept away by the howling winds.

Frightened, I forced myself to fight against the storm and bound back home, desperately wanting this to be over.

I trudged through the making of wet, flooding mud, my fur drenched from head to tail.

At last, the camp entrance was within view, and I desperately tried to fight against the willing mud as it soaked my paws.

I finally managed to reach the entrance, and I shot myself through the bramble thicket, racing towards the prisoners den as fast as I could manage.

I hurriedly layered the moss on top of the pit, digging small holes around it and stuffing the strings of moss into it, and then tangling the twigs into the moss to create a sturdy cover for the prisoners.

To make sure it was fully secure, I added more layers of moss so water wouldn't drip down into the now shadowed space below.

I called out that I was finished, and a snarl from Snowfall alerted me she had heard, yet she wasn't happy with my maintenance.

I sneered to myself, the rain washing my teeth as I bared them in anger.

I turned tail and started to race towards the warriors den, fury bubbling inside of me that Snowfall didn't even acknowledge that I went out, in the pouring rain, getting my paws soaked in mud, my fur matted and gross, and trying to help them from getting drowned by the flowing water that created a thin layer on the ground. Ridiculous.

I glanced around for a moment, taking in a breath to calm myself, and noticed fog hovered above the camp, rain pattering the dens, the thin sliver of sunlight clinging to life, the crackling of thunder, flash of lightning, and the howling winds blowing tufts of leaves and sticks off the top of nests, which made me realize that this was no ordinary storm.

I could feel my heart pounding as I looked up at the clouds, trying to find any trace, any sliver of stars, but there were none, only the darkening clouds were visible, the ones that have created large shadow figures around the whole forest.

Was StarClan angry? I wondered in fear.

As the rain trickled on my face, my eyes parted just barely as I wanted to avoid the weird feeling of water in them, I pleaded to StarClan that this wouldn't destroy the camp. Then, I skidded inside

the warriors den.

Heads popped up in surprise from the sudden appearance of me, and I saw the horrified face of Sparrowdusk staring at me. "Are you alright?" He asked worriedly, getting to his paws in a matter of seconds and racing over to me, licking my fur repeatedly.

I pushed him back slightly, shook my pelt out for a long time, then let him continue. "I'm fine." I reassured hoarsely.

Stormstrike and Featherflight stood up, side by side, and I realized by the sleek gleam of their fur that they had been sharing tongues.

Sadly, as I noticed his tail wrapped around my sister's back, I realized that he had moved on from me, and that I had let a bundle of joy and miracles slip away from my presence.

Blinking, getting the heartbreaking thought out of my mind, I turned towards Sparrowdusk once more.

He was grooming my fur, sweeping off the mud from my pelt. I slowly started to lie down as he placed his paws on my back and held my down as he cleaned my head and ears.

I glanced around awkwardly, my flush of embarrassment disappearing as I saw everyone seemed to have settled again, so I let out the sigh I was holding in.

I noticed the curled up pelts of Reedwater and Duststorm who were easing into a sleepy grooming. I held back a chuckle of amusement as their movements were like zombified cats.

When Sparrowdusk finished, I felt refreshed and clean, and I thanked him with a lick to the shoulder.

I realized soon that I really did love Sparrowdusk and all his qualities, even his flaws, and that he was right when he said I felt the same way he felt for me.

I gazed at him, a small smile on my face. I stood, closed the space between my muzzle and his cheek and licked his fur.

I pulled away, and his eyes were widened with shock, excitement and happiness.

I felt my cheeks flush a bright red shade, and I quickly turned my head away, then I looked back up.

"Yes." I meowed, raising my head higher.

"What?" He mumbled, a confused look on his face.

"Yes." I repeated.

"Yes what?" He asked, and I could see his ear tips twitching in excitement.

I leaned up against his long, wide ear and whispered. "I will be your mate."

I pulled back, and his jaws were wide in surprise. "R-really?"

I nodded, my grin growing as he started to wave his tail joyously. "I thought you'd say no by your reaction." He admitted.

I chuckled, nudging him with my paw. "I was just shocked. You know me... I've been shocked practically my whole life."

He shrugged, agreeing reluctantly.

I padded over to my nest, circling multiple times before finally tucking my paws under my chest and crossing my tail around my body.

Sparrowdusk stared at me, and the slight shimmer of dignity and love told me he had a soft spot for me like he did with nobody else.

As I closed my eyes, the troubling feelings I've been experiencing conquered my vision, and I opened my eyes to find myself standing in the middle of a drastic thunderstorm, trees being picked up and carried away by the wind.

As I looked around, my fur being blown behind me and my tail dropped in the mud, I could see a trace of a shimmering white pelt.

It was Snowfall.

I growled, remembering the moment earlier and all the ones before, and all the hatred came bubbling up to my bristling fur, and I spat out all I had to say, knowing that this was imaginary and that I could never do it in the waking world without putting myself in danger.

As I let my feelings thrive, the happiness of Sparrowdusk becoming my mate vanished, and I was filled with hurt and grief within moments as I gazed at my transparent mother.

"You never should have left us. You put me and my siblings in a horrible position where we grieved for the wrong cat. It's all your fault. At least Sandpatch apologized for his actions and took responsibility for what he had done. I have grown a slight bit of respect for him now, but you? Oh, I am sick of you. I can't believe you're still alive, in our Clan, striving to be respectful and to be accepted into the Clan again. I'll make sure it doesn't happen. I know Flamestar would *never* do such a thing to me. I'm ashamed to be your daughter. I hate you. I hate you and I always will. You will *never* gain my respect or trust from me ever again. I'm tired of being lied to."

I heaved in breaths as I finished my long speech, and I stared at her, expecting a harsh and angry response to come flying out of her mouth. Instead, all I saw was sympathy and warmth. The starry figure had the light blue eyes that glimmered with love and dignity of what was once mother, and I soon realized that this was the old Snowfall. The Snowfall who had died moons ago and had been replaced by this vicious, arrogant monster.

My heart seemed to have plummeted into a cold wave of sadness as I stared at my once sweet mother. Tears welled up in my eyes as I realized that this was the mother I always looked up to, and I just had to tell her what I felt and how much I needed her support. "I miss you... I miss your kind, sweet heart. I miss your faith and your courage. I miss your support and love. Why did you have to give up? To be so... So weak? I don't understand..." I trailed off as her silky white tail brushed my nose, making me go silent.

"Somewhere in my soul I will always have my innocent side. But in my new, beaten heart, the feeling of anger and fear has overwhelmed me so much to where I broke out into a dangerous cat. I'm sorry I was too weak to care for you and your siblings. I'm sorry I was too weak to not stay in the Clan with you. I apologize for my actions. I apologize for failing you."

I stared at her, stunned that all this sympathy was coming out of the cat who I had thought would never do such a thing again.

As my thoughts traveled throughout my body, I noticed that she was starting to fade, the stars twinkling around her dissolving and I watched as the last traces of what used to be my mother vanished into thin air, and the last, sympathetic words that floated into the air was something I would never forget...

"I believe you can fight the pain. I know you can manage through all the lies. You can tousle things into the right order. You can figure it out. Because somewhere in your heart I will always be with you, even though I have been destroyed by my evil spirit."

**

I woke to find Sparrowdusk standing over me, concern glimmering in his eyes. "Are you alright?" He questioned, helping me to my paws.

I stared out the warriors den, realizing the storm had eased and it was now lightly raining.

It was just before dawn, the moon still glistened and shone light to the earth as the stars started to fade, and one in particular vanished into nothing.

It was hard to get a good visual on the camp due to the misty air, but I could see that the camp was deserted and that all the cats who had tried to manage to do something productive failed and retired to their nests.

Tears had wet my cheek fur and even managed to trail down to my chest, and I looked at the ground to try and dodge his gaze.

"Are you alright?" He repeated, placing his tail on my shoulder.

I nodded, sniffling and blinking multiple times before glancing up. "I'm fine." I whispered hoarsely.

Sparrowdusk watched me uneasily, not convinced, but soon he padded away to check on the other warriors.

I shook my pelt clean of the moss clumps tangled in my fur and padded out into the open, the wind ruffling my pelt and the rain trickling down my muzzle.

My eyes immediately widened in shock and fear and my ears went flat against my head in sorrow as I got to get a closer look on my home.

The camp had been demolished.

Sticks and stones lay smashed on the ground and some of the dirt was swept away by the wind. Dens were rattled and broken, some of the sticks that were above for shelter had fallen and snapped onto the ground where cats slept while water made a layer on the ground.

Grief washed over me as I stared at my broken home, more tears welling in my the eyes.

I soon remembered the prisoner's den and, stunned, I padded over to it to find the structure I had built was swept away and gone.

I sighed as I saw the shaking pelts of the captives huddled together, soaked from head to tail, their eyes closed.

"Are you alright?" I called down, bending my head downwards so I could try and possibly not get droplets into my eyes.

"We would be if it wasn't for you who built that stupid cover up! Sydney's hurt because of it!" Snowfall snarled, getting up and slashing out at me.

I hissed and arched my back in defense, but I soon stopped when I realized that Snowfall was actually telling the truth.

A large gash formed in the white cat's flank, the rain making it spatter onto my mother and Dying Soul's pelt.

She was breathing heavily and hoasely, her leg sprawled out at an awkward angle.

Besides her was a large stick that I had used for the shield, and the tip of it was bloody.

I grimaced in disgust and turned away, bounding towards Flamestar's den to report the news.

I could see out of the corner of my eye that Jumpingjay was sitting on his patrol stone, his mouth gapped in sorrow and shock as he gazed around the broken camp.

"I can't believe it." I heard him whisper. "It's... Destroyed. Flamestar's going to freak when he sees this."

I watched him as I passed, and our eyes met in despair before I turned away and bounded up to Flamestar's nest.

I could make out the outline of Flamestar's curled up fiery red pelt dazzling through the shadows, and I realized he was asleep by the soft snores rumbling in his throat.

My eyes softened with sympathy because he was resting peacefully and I knew he was about to wake up to face a nightmare.

I could hear the gasps of horror from the warriors emerging from their nests, and I closed my eyes from the pain that was seeping into my heart.

I softly prodded Flamestar on his flank, and his eyes blinked open, revealing the green emeralds that always made me feel respect for the tom.

He gazed at me curiously and I could see the slight bit of annoyance in his eyes.

"You should come outside." I whispered warily.

He tilted his head in confusion. "Okay." He slurred nervously.

He got to his paws and slowly padded towards the front of his den, and gave a glimpse outside.

His jaws instantly gapped and his eyes widened in shock and horror.

He instantaneously bounded outside and raced towards Jumpingjay, mumbling something to him like it was sincerely important.

I slowly started to follow him, and I saw Jumpingjay nodding vigorously at what seemed like given directions.

Shrieks of shock and fear rang from some nests that were broken, and they came bounding out of their dens and racing towards Flamestar.

I skidded forward, ease dropping on what they were reporting.

"Flamestar, come quick! The other half of the warriors den has been smashed and Poppyseed, Darkgaze, Lilyflower, Goldensun, and Vipertooth are severely injured!" Lionclaw reported, the fear glistening in his eyes.

Flamestar's mind must've been going haywire for his eyes seemed to go blank for a second until finally he raced towards the other half of the warriors den. He gasped when he reached it, and he turned towards Lionclaw and scolded him for something I was unclear of.

I bounded towards them, eager to find out what had happened, and I found a giant log that had smashed through the roof of the den, trapping the injured against the wall.

I gasped as I saw my adopted mother, Lilyflower, limp on the ground, her head hanging and barely visible behind the thick log.

Flamestar was turned towards Lionclaw and was snarling at him, mostly from fear and grief. "You didn't report this sooner? I bet all these warriors have died because of it and maybe they could've had a slight chance of survival if you came to me before!"

"I'm sorry, Flamestar, but I sleep in the larger half of the den. There's a wall between the two halves so I didn't know of it till I woke from the loud crackling of thunder." Lionclaw apologized. I noticed his legs trembling in fright and grief.

"You think I don't know my own camp and how the dens work?" Flamestar retorted, his teeth bared. "Just go get Ashcloud and Volepaw! We need medical assistance immediately!" He ordered.

Lionclaw instantly raced away towards the medicine cat den, and a moment later arrived back with Ashcloud and her apprentice loaded with herbs.

Volepaw scurried over to Lilyflower, dragging her body out with the help of Lionclaw. Stormstrike, Reedwater and my litter-mates all gathered around anxiously, staring at the limp figure.

Reedwater wailed as he saw his mother, and he rushed over to her, but was soon pushed back by Ashcloud. "I'm sorry." She meowed sincerely, giving him a gentle look.

Stormstrike was gazing blankly at Ashcloud as she left Lilyflower's side, not admitting her death, but giving a silent gesture that she lived with the stars now.

The impact of the log must've been too much for her.

Sooner or later they managed to get out all the other warriors, but none of them had survived the collapse of their den.

Flamestar was staring blankly at the pile of dead warriors, and the rest of the Clan gathered around in shock and grief.

Sparrowdusk approached his former dead mentor, his paws stiff with surprise.

As I stared at all of the deceased, their eyes distant and glazed while their paws were limply placed on top of each other, I realized I never got the chance to talk to them that much.

Even though Lilyflower offered to become my siblings' foster mother for the rest of our kithood, I never really considered her as a

mother figure, and I never noticed all the effort she put in to try and make us feel loved and cherished even if she knew we didn't feel the same way for her.

Shame washed over me as I met her blank eyes, and I thought back to the short periods of time where I actually got to spend time with her. I thought for a long moment, thinking about how much it should've meant to me and my siblings that she welcomed three more kits with open paws and no rejections and tried her best to make us feel satisfied.

Even if she wasn't like Snowfall, she at least offered love to us, and as I watched, stiff-legged in shock, grief and shame, I realized something I should've realized moons ago.

That just a hint of affection was enough to heal my broken heart.

My grief and ignominy was shattered when Applefall and Lionclaw started to drag her and the other warriors away towards the middle of camp for vigil.

I shared a glance with Flamestar, who's eyes had a thin glaze of grief and disappointment.

"I cannot risk losing anymore warriors," was all he spoke before padding away towards a stunned Jumpingjay and a disappointed Ashcloud.

I watched him go before retreating towards the vigil, crouching down next to my friends and tucking my paws under my chest.

I pressed my muzzle against Lilyflower's fur, her cold body chilling my nose.

As I sat in silence, being comforted by the presence of my companions, I lifted my muzzle from my adopted mother's fur, and stared at Vipertooth's limp figure.

For a long moment I just watched, not a single feeling inside me as I stared at the wise tom.

His tabby fur, normally sleek and well-groomed, was disheveled

and flecked with blood.

I frowned, staring at the young warrior and I realized that we made a small connection when we both went searching for the strange scent we spotted during our vigil.

I turned my gaze towards all the other warriors, ashamed of myself for not getting close enough to all my Clan mates.

I glanced up, noticing all the other warriors that I have never truly spoken to before.

It was as if the majority of my Clan mates were from different Clans.

I sighed, sweeping my eyes around camp and found Flamestar, Jumpingjay, and Ashcloud sitting in a shadowy corner, hidden from the soft rain, murmuring things I was unsure of.

I decided to join them, dismissing myself from the vigil and touching Sparrowdusk's shoulder before taking one last long glance back at the dead warriors, then padding towards the huddled cats.

They saw me emerge from the pattering rain, and they all looked towards me, their eyes showing a thick glimmer of sadness and fear.

As if they knew I came to talk, they let me join their small huddle.

"We need to make sure every warrior is safe and not in any sort of danger. We're running out of warriors, and with only two apprentices on the way, we cannot risk the shortage of any cats, or else I will have no choice but to have our captives join the Clan."

"What?" Jumpingjay, Ashcloud and I all said in unison.

My mind was spinning at how astonishing Flamestar's decision had been, for I thought he would never do something like this to me, let alone to the whole Clan!

"Are you crazy? Those cats are dangerous. You're seriously going to welcome them into the Clan after what they've done?" Jumpingjay hissed, his eyes wide in shock and fright.

I wasn't surprised by his reaction. It seemed when he attacked Snowfall she really spooked him by her strength and fierceness. Plus he was a thoughtful tom and he never thought power was the reason for anything.

When Flamestar didn't reply, I watched him, and I didn't seem to be able to describe my rage as I stared at my leader, who's eyes were blank and distant.

I waved my tail in front of his face, and he recovered from his daze. "Listen! You need to be careful with your decisions. I know it must be hard for you to watch all these warriors die, but you must think of your Clan first." I insisted.

He glared at me coldly. "I am putting my Clan first."

I shook my head. "I know you are, but by bringing these untrustworthy cats in? That's not doing what's best for the Clan. In fact, it could bring down the population of FlameClan because you don't know what those captives are planning. And I know you, Flamestar. You're smart enough to think about the negativities."

Flamestar turned away, not bothered by my response. "And what about all the positives about bringing them in? First of all, I don't even known if we're going to need them yet, and second they could possibly turn out to be alright. Maybe Snowfall and Sydney have softened and realized that they miss the Clan life." I could see the hurt glittering in his eyes, and I knew he somewhat missed Sydney's warm presence.

"Flamestar." Ashcloud meowed, softly stroking his back with her tail, "don't do this."

The red tom stared at his medicine cat, and for a split second I could see his knowledge arising once more, but soon disappearing after a moments hesitation.

"I have no choice." Flamestar hissed, turning away once again.

"They will join the Clan if more of us dies."

(Hey Batcats

As you can tell...
THAT WAS A REALLY LONG CHAPTER XD
PLEASE REMEMBER THIS IS NOT THE LAST CHAPTER THANKS OK
I hope you enjoyed this.
Yay.
xD
I haven't updated in so long and this is why.
So yeah.
Thanks for your patience.
And as always,
Thanks for reading, voting, commenting, and sharing this story.
It means a lot to me!
Peace ✌□□
~Cleo)

Authors Note (7)

I have to split the chapter again.

It's at 6,000 words and on my iPad (which is bigger than a book) it's at 32 pages.

So yeah.

But don't worry! It won't be a long wait I promise.

I'm almost done with it so yeah.

I'll post Chapter 31 today and tomorrow or Monday I'll post Chapter 32.

Hopefully the wording isn't too high! :)

Thanks so much for your patience I had like a 3 week long writers block and I feel so bad for not updating in over a month!

Also thank you guys so much for 25k reads (or at least a couple reads away from it) , 1k comments and almost 2k votes.

~Cleo

Chapter 31

[image]

(Please read Authors Note 7!)

It was the night before the Gathering, and beneath my fur I could still feel the silent rage bubbling inside of me from Flamestar's final decision.

I heard a yowl come echoing down from The Pointed Ledge, signaling that my leader was trying to gather his Clan's attention.

I shuffled outside, my smile flattened and serious, stomped on by all the annoyance, sadness and anger I have been experiencing lately.

I lay beside my new mate, tucking my paws underneath my chest and gazing up at the cold sky.

He curled his tail over my back, pulling me closer to his presence and rubbing his cheek against mine.

I didn't bother to give a silent greeting, I was too troubled to care.

Thankfully, Sparrowdusk didn't sense my annoyance, for he gazed brightly up at the flaming red tom atop the ledge as if nothing was wrong.

I glanced around the demolished camp and noticed many of the warriors were still stunned by what had happened. Many of my Clan mates had minor wounds, not too severe for critical care, however.

I rested my gaze back on Flamestar, and I watched his stare blaze into mine.
I tensed in fear when he almost stumbled off the ledge, which was basically rubble now, until he managed to dig his claws in the crumbling rock that showered down on the warriors just below it.

Half of the ledge had been swept away by the wind, lying

somewhere that was unknown to FlameClan, and for this reason it seemed as if my leader was farther away than usual.

I studied my leader cautiously, noting something seemed wrong. Flamestar's fur seemed ruffled, his eyes distance. He didn't seem like his usual self as he swept his gaze blankly across camp.

It seemed as if he was disappointed in StarClan for letting this happen, and that his faith and selflessness was drained and on the verge of being lost.

I gathered my thoughts toward the back of my mind when Flamestar started to speak in a dark tone.

"Tonight is the Gathering. As many of you may have known, and for this reason we have disobeyed StarClan, but, like I was saying, we have not gone to a Gathering ever since Snowfall disappeared. Problems erupted the day after she left and we had no choice but to cancel the Gatherings due to our excessive amount of worry, fear and struggle. Since everything seems to have calmed down, the storm gone and the cats at ease, I have finally decided that we will be going to the Gathering. I hope that StarClan understood my decision of not meeting with the Clans and that both my ancestors and the Clans carry on to respect me..." He slowly trailed off and it seemed that everyone assumed that he had finished, for the Clan erupted in excited murmurs.

Flamestar flicked the tip of his tail to signal silence, which was quickly granted to him.

He scored his claws on the rumble, staring down at his Clan like he despised us.

"The cats that will be taking the journey to the Moonfalls will be me, Jumpingjay, Ashcloud, Volepaw, Fallenheart, Deerpath, Cleardawn, Stormstrike, Lionclaw, Fawnfrost, and Doveflight. That will be all for now."

Mutters of excitement and disappointment echoed over the Clan like a wave, sending it vibrating into the forest.

"One more thing. We will be leaving at moon-high to travel to the Moonfalls, which isn't long from now. Until then, do as you please." Flamestar finished, pouncing off the ledge skillfully and landing gracefully on the ground besides Jumpingjay.

By the look of it, the deputy seemed sincerely concerned for the red tom, and I could see them mutely speaking with each other.

The urge to find out about their discussion bubbled up inside me, but I contained myself and decided to spend the little time I had left with my friends who were not going to the Gathering.

I turned towards Sparrowdusk who was eyeing me suspiciously.

"What?" I asked, exaggerating my irritation a little bit more than I had intended.

"Why do you *always* have your eye on Flamestar?" Sparrowdusk hissed, the sadness ringing in his voice.

"I'm just worried about him..."

"It's like you and him... Have a 'thing'." Sparrowdusk grunted, rolling his eyes and puffing out his chest.

I laughed sarcastically. "Honestly, it's like comparing a kit with an elder. Flamestar has been leader since my kit-hood. Even before it. Plus, I think of him more as a fatherly figure since Sandpatch was never really there for me." I defended, my face serious as I stared at my mate.

I wasn't lying when I told him that. I was one hundred percent honest. I didn't want Sparrowdusk to have any doubt for the way I felt for him.

Sparrowdusk seemed to have settled down, for his face untwisted and his eyes turned to soft pools. "You're right. I'm sorry."

"It's alright. I can relate to the jealously." I murmured, meaning the times he tried to make me jealous by showing affection towards Deerpath.

He chuckled, flicking his tail. "I was just testing you. I really do love you, Cleardawn. Even if we never actually showed sympathy for one another."

I stared at him, my eyes glittering with respect for the the tom. "I believe you. Just don't go picking up theories when you don't know if they're true or not."

Sparrowdusk nodded in understanding, resting his tail along my spine and twitching his whiskers. "Have fun. Tell me everything when you come back, understand?"

I chuckled and dipped my head as if he was my leader.

He padded away, flashing me a sheepish grin in one last apology before disappearing into the rugged warriors den.

I noticed Flamestar was leaving from his conversation with Jumpingjay and heading up the Pointed Ledge.

It wasn't necessary for him to call his Clan to gather, for they were already expectantly waiting underneath him.

"The moon is to its highest peak so it is time to leave." He announced dryly. Before he could jump down from the recovering ledge, Fallenheart called out something that sparked my interest.

"Are you going to tell them about the captives?"

Flamestar paused and stared directly at me as if he were trying to tell me something. I twitched my tail tip nervously, and I could see his eyes were drained and cold. Lifeless...

"Yes."

***

Flamestar led the way outside of camp, trudging through the ridged forest. I stared in horror as I saw trees had fallen, plants had died, and prey lay burnt on the ground, dead.

I heard the exasperated gasp of Ashcloud as she padded beside

Flamestar. "This is horrendous. The prey are all dead! The territory is destroyed! Oh StarClan, why now?"

Jumpingjay's head was bowed in sorrow for his territory, and I could see in his eyes the glimpse of defeat was as clear as day.

Flamestar, on the other hand, didn't say a word, and his expression was blank and undisturbed as he kept walking.

I shared a glance with Stormstrike, who was padding besides me, and I noticed that he seemed truly concerned for our leader.

I guess that my anger had slowly died down considering I started to worry about Flamestar.

Something had happened to him when he saw all those dead warriors. It was as if half of his heart was torn and had shriveled up in despair.

My thoughts trailed off when I heard the splashing of a river come in contact with paws.

I glanced around to see unknown territory.

A small stream surrounded a large patch of land with a long log guided towards it.

I felt frightened at first until I felt Stormstrike's tail gently rest on my shoulder as if he sensed my fear. "It's alright. This is the start of the Gathering Place."

I gazed at him with a sheepish smile. "Oh."

We padded onto a rocky log, my paws unsteady as I managed to make it to the other side.

I gazed around at the new land. Scraggly trees climbed up into the sky with thin branches dangling down, dotted with leaves almost a whisker away from the dark green grass. A large and rather tall wall of rock was surrounding the rim of the hollow, stopping where the opening of the Gathering Place started.

It looked unsteady, the rock lined with cracks while there were large holes gapping on it. About a tree-length away bushes shielded the forest and a steep and wide natural catwalk led down into an incredible area.

Before I could examine it fully, Flamestar turned and stared tartly and defeatedly at his warriors. "This place is called the Fourledges, the holy land of StarClan, if you've never been here before." The way he stated our ancestors name made me feel uneasy, for it was filled with hate and despicableness.

When Flamestar turned away and FlameClan fully emerged into Fourledges, my eyes widened in amazement at the spectacular view.

Long ledges wrapped around the hollow, as if they were floating in mid-air. Fog hovered just above the hollow as cats started to gather together and take their spots on what I assumed was their area.

One large circular ledge divided into four... One for each Clan... I inspected, astonished.

I stared in amazement as the Clans divided up and disassembled from their friends to meet up with their own Clan to get prepared for the Gathering.

I could feel my excitement bubble up inside of me as I saw IceClan warriors swiftly make their way up to a ledge that was covered in a light frost, DarkClan warriors bound up to a shaded ledge, AirClan trudge up to a ledge protected by mist and fog, and FlameClan assemble around a ledge that had a tint of red to it with colored leaves lined on the back.

Soon I came back from my amazement to realize that the Gathering place didn't seemed to have been touched by the storm.

Confusion plastered on my face and I shared a glance with Deerpath, who was beside me.

I noticed the slight murmurs from the other Clans and I could hint their confusion as well.

Maybe StarClan didn't want to hurt their holy land.

I pushed the thought away and regained my eagerness and excitement to be at my first Gathering.

I wish Flamestar would've let us go to Gatherings before, but I guess I understood his reasoning for wanting to pass on it.

I watched as the flaming red tom jumped atop a tall, wide boulder alongside three other leaders who were patiently waiting our arrival.

They all dipped their head towards him and he gave a small smile before settling down.

A gray-blue she-cat with dark blue eyes, which I assumed was Icestar, stepped up closer to the edge of the boulder and let out a loud yowl to signal the beginning of the Gathering.

"The Gathering has begun." Stormstrike whispered in my ear, his excitement ringing in his voice. I gave him a cheerful smile before setting my attention on the leaders waiting on top of the boulder.

Once the cats died down, a harmonic voice from the gray she-cat echoed around the area. "IceClan has been thriving with new cats almost every moon. We are pleased to announce two new warriors, Snowstone and Hailcrack," Icestar was interrupted by a chorus of congratulated applause while the two strong toms stood bravely. Once it came to an end, the leader continued, "unfortunately, our medicine cat, Flowerfall, passed away but her place has been taken by her apprentice, Riversplash. Fortunately for us, the storm did not badly damage our camp and territory and Bluestorm gave birth to two new healthy kits, Cornkit and Lilykit." Icestar announced, swishing her long tail and stepping backwards, acknowledging a white tom with a light gray tail and tinted blue eyes, assumably Airstar.

"All is well for AirClan. The storm did in fact rattle our camp but we're already in the process of rebuilding it with success. It will be back to normal in a couple of sunrises, but until then our warriors are strong and prepared for anything that may come our way. We also have three new warriors, Cedersnake, Leopardleap and Mouseberry," Airstar paused when cheers erupted through-out the

Clans as the three warriors stood proudly, their heads high, "and we have two new apprentices, Yellowpaw and Raggedpaw." Once again, applause echoed around the Gathering Place and the two perky cats had their tails straight up with excitement. Once the noise had died down, Airstar dipped his head respectfully and signaled for a black tom with amber eyes to step up.

"DarkClan is on the verge of success. Prey is surprisingly plentiful while our camp has not been harmed by the storm. Our warriors are as strong as ever and we are prepared for the leaf-bare that will soon be laid down on us. To the joy of many, I have four new warriors to present. Whitepath, Blackstone, Hollowspirit, and Falconscreech!" Cheers roared through the area while the new warriors stood proudly, watching as the other assembled Clans echoed their congratulations. When the cats fell silent, the leader, assumably Darkstar, continued, "and to all of our excitement, Reedfur has brought three kits into the world! Gingerkit, Larkkit and Elmkit." The dark tom bowed his head before stepping back.

I could sense the wonder thriving through-out the cats as they turned their attention towards my leader and awaited Flamestar's long speech. The red tom took in a shaky breath before stepping forward, staring at the cats around him.

"Greetings. It has been a while since I've seen you all and I've noticed many of you have come and gone. Many things have occurred in FlameClan, reasons that stopped us from attending these meetings, and by the expressions on your face I can tell you are eager to know. Long story short, one of our queens, Snowfall, went missing just a few moons after her three kits, who are now Cleardawn, Duststorm and Featherflight, were born. A couple sunrises later we found her body. Sometime after we found out it was in fact not Snowfall, but it was a loner, Dog Bone. So, once we found this out, we were eager to found Snowfall and see if she was actually alive or not. And she was. Unfortunately, we struggled with a band of her "Clan" of rogues and loners she had brought together with the time being, and found ourselves losing a member of the Clan who had went missing. His name was Redeye. Sometime later Cleardawn and her friends had found a kittypet with the name of Sydney, with her partner, Dying Soul. They managed to capture

Dying Soul but Sydney managed to escape. After a while we finally managed to capture Sydney and Snowfall, the leaders of the band of rogues. All three of them are now in captivity in our camp so they are no longer a harm. Before we captured them, Sydney had pretended to be Snowfall in order to keep the queen safe and unknown, according to what they had told us. When Snowfall tried apologizing to her kits, they denied her and she brought out her gang of rogues... as well.. as some of your own Clanmates..." Flamestar was cut off by abrupt catastrophic yowls that roared through out the area, making the FlameClan cats flinch in fear.

The gazes of the other Clans were blazing with anger and fright. The shrieks of fury were cut off by the warning signal from Darkstar. His eyes burned into Flamestar's, and for a moment I could sense the uncertainty from my leader. "First you didn't warn us about this pack of rogues, but then you report saying they used some of our own? Why didn't you warn us of this? Our cats could've died because of *your* problems!"

"We managed to get your cats back safely to your camp... Didn't you notice their weird behavior when they returned?" Flamestar meowed, trying to stay calm.

"No. I thought they went out hunting or patrolling! I didn't feel the need to ask where they were because they didn't seem harmed or..." He trailed off and every single cat went silent.

"Well, I remember feeling a bit blowzy just a few moments after I entered the camp one day... Everyone seemed particularly... odd, and then I didn't remember anything. I completely forgot about it and I woke up not knowing a thing, but I thought it was a normal day." Icestar interrupted.

A wave of agreement spread through out the Gathering Place and everyone was staring at Flamestar, who's cats were quiet.

"I don't know exactly what had happened at that moment, for they had tried to kill me and almost managed to do so, but from what my warriors had reported they used some kind of herb called Devil's Breath, something severely dangerous and powerful. It seduces anything into doing something they don't wish to do and where

they don't remember anything. They must've used that on every one of the Clans... Except mine..." Flamestar explained confusedly, staring blankly at the slate of rock underneath his paws.

Quiet murmurs spread like a wild fire and frightened heads kept spinning in the effort to tell their inferences to others.

As I stared blankly into the distance, unsure of what to process in my head, the faded gloom of the light that brightened the Gathering Place was slowly becoming more and more transparent as clouds surrounded the moon, calling out a warning that StarClan was becoming impatient.

"StarClan is becoming angry. We need to settle down." Airstar demanded, his tail flicking.

"Why would StarClan be angry?" A cat shouted from the IceClan crowd.

Murmurs of protest against Airstar's inference rushed through out Fourledges, but it was quickly stopped by Flamestar, who's head was raised high as he stared despicably at the large group of cats.

His mood seemed to have dramatically changed in just a few seconds, for his eyes were dark and filled with rage.

He turned towards Airstar, who was staring at him boldly. "There is no reason for StarClan to be angry." Flamestar hissed, his eyes narrowed.

"Why should they be angry with us? That's not fair! We should be angry at *them*! They created this storm! They destroyed our camps! They even killed some of our cats..." Flamestar rebuked, his tail lashing while his eyes were filled with hatred and anger.

The three other leaders shared glances, conflicted by his rant, while the other Clan members started to whisper fearfully by his powerful and convincing words.

I stared at Flamestar in horror, followed up by the rest of FlameClan, as he slowly traveled his gaze up towards the clouded sky. "You killed them..." He whispered, his tail lashing and his fur

bristling.

"You killed my friends... You killed so many of them... You shortened the population of FlameClan. How dare you?" Flamestar whispered, his claws digging into the slate of rock beneath his paws, creating a slight powder.

"Flamestar! How dare you mock StarClan?" Icestar hissed, staring at him as if he were a badger.

Flamestar met her gaze dully, not bothered. "I've known those cats since I was a kit! They were strong warriors... Fearless and brave. They didn't deserve to die... Mostly in their own den." He spat.

"Flamestar, it's in the past. You can't take it out on StarClan... You may be overreacting a little.." Darkstar whispered, trying to calm him, yet it only made him angrier.

"Overreacting?" Flamestar snarled. "You think I'm... *Overreacting*?"

As Flamestar curled his lip and flashed his face significantly close to the DarkClan leader, caterwauls of anger erupted through out the Gathering Place.

I watched in shock and fear as DarkClan cats started to cast a long shadow as they leapt down from their ledge and tried clawing their way up the boulder to try and stop Flamestar from harming their leader.

Before one could manage to get atop of the rock, the little light that was barely managing to stay alit vanished, and everyone fell silent when the clouds fully engulfed the moon.

My fur brushed against Stormstrike as I felt my breath quicken in fear when I started to hear rattling. As if something was about to crumble.

"I told you. StarClan is taking it out on us." Flamestar hissed, before the falling of what I assumed was the wall that surrounded Fourledges collapsed.

Screeches of fear rang through out the Gathering Place as paws

shuffled in an effort to escape the collapsing of the wall.

"Cleardawn! Cleardawn! We must leave! The wall is falling! Hurry! Before we're crushed!" Stormstrike shrieked, his tail on my back as he guided me to the exit.

"Wait." I whispered, retrieving from his hold.

"Cleardawn, what are you doing? We need to leave! Now!" Stormstrike yowled.

I stared at him for a long moment. "I need to find Flamestar."

Stormstrike glared at me as if I were crazy. "Flamestar should be fine! You cannot risk your life for him! He has more lives than you!"

I realized that he was right, but the fear plunged in my heart that he could possibly be dead already... All his lives being taken away by the crushing of a thick rock.

"Cleardawn. Please." Stormstrike pleaded.

I glanced behind me at the thick wave of frightened cats, only their outline being granted to me.

I turned back to him, giving in with guilt. "Okay."

(Hey Batcats!
I'm so sorry I haven't update in OVER A MONTH!
This is *NOT* THE LAST CHAPTER!
I REPEAT, THIS IS *NOT* THE LAST CHAPTER!
THE NEXT CHAPTER WILL BE POSTED TOMORROW OR MONDAY !
Thank you for your patience!
As always, I hope you enjoyed this chapter!
Thanks for reading, commenting, sharing, and voting for this story!
It means so much to me!
We reached 1k comments and 25k reads!
Yay :3
Love you guys and all your support!
~Cleo)

Chapter 32

[image]

We managed to escape the terrifying chaos of the collapse of the wall safely, but I stood in front of Fourledges as more cats passed me in a fright. My mouth was open in an effort to scent out Flamestar, but nothing came.

I could feel the fear of losing someone who I looked up to build up on me, and I sent a silent prayer to StarClan that he was alright...

Once I realized no one else was passing by me, I turned to stare behind me to find the outlines of fleeing cats, and Stormstrike staring at me with understanding.

"I'm going in there. I need to see if he's alive. The rocks have stopped falling... I'll be careful. I promise." I exclaimed, my eyes filled with worry and fear.

Stormstrike nodded before assembling with the rest of FlameClan in the shadows of the forest as they waited for their leader.

I turned slowly, seeing the slight glint of the moon appear as the clouds unraveled, letting the moon's light glimmer on the forest.

I slowly approached the demolished Fourledges, shocked at how easily the wall collapsed, yet not surprised.

I don't blame StarClan for being angry with Flamestar. To address his anger towards them in front of all the Clans would make me pretty annoyed as well, but I believe that didn't give them any right to collapse the wall and kill assumably a pawful of cats... If that's what they intended to do.

I carefully placed my paw on a shifting rock, taking in a sharp breath as I stared into a large, dark hole clouded with rubble and dust.

I cringed as I felt the stone scraping against my pad, but I quickly ignored it and leapt down into the pit of black.

My eyes slowly adjusted to the darkness and I found many cats laying motionless, their dark eyes staring blankly into the distance and their pelts cold...

I dodged crumbling stones and swerved my way through the bodies, my heart sinking as I recognized the faces of Fawnfrost, Doveflight, Fallenheart, Lionclaw... And...

Flamestar!

I rushed over to the weeping toms side, his head bent in sorrow and his leg smashed underneath a rock. "Flamestar! Thank Sta-!"

"Don't even say their name." The red tom snapped, his ears flat against his head as if he were trying to block out the silence.

His fur was dusty and matted, sticky with dirt and covered in pebble dust.

I gazed at him fearfully and sadly as he struggled to remove his leg, his face grimacing in pain.

I was in shock at the moment, and I didn't process the fact that I should be helping my leader, but Flamestar didn't seem to care about himself.

He slowly looked up at me and stared at me with grief as wet tears streamed down his face, following the path of old tears. "This is what they do to me and innocent cats." He whimpered.

I slowly crept towards him, careful to not bother him as I slowly shifted the rock away from his leg.

A large gash dipped into his flesh, but Flamestar took no notice of his injury as he stared blankly into the darkness.

I could feel my heart tear in two as he slowly got to his paws and dipped his head to every fallen warrior he passed, giving silent thank you's to FlameClan's deceased.

I followed him, my tail slithering behind me to create a narrow dip in the sand behind me as I swerved through out the rocks and cats.

I emerged into the moonlight once again, breathing in the fresh air that hit me with a wave.

I turned my head to see Flamestar sulking as he groggily limped away, his head bowed and his tail limply trailing behind him.

I bounded over to pad next to him and comfort him, but he didn't bother to acknowledge me.

"I'm so sorry, Flamestar. I know what it's like to lose someone you loved..." I whispered soothingly, my eyes round with concern.

He gave me a cold glare. "Not just someone." He croaked, flicking his flattened ears.

We continued down the path towards the camp to be greeted by the group of FlameClan cats.

They stared at Flamestar in concern, relief and grief as they too knew who had died, for I had guessed that they had realized who was missing.

I watched as Stormstrike's sad, wide eyes gazed at me with an earnest respect, and I flicked my ears before returned to Flamestar's side.

Ashcloud and Jumpingjay shared a grieved glance with each other before the medicine cat softly guided and soothed Volepaw as he mourned for his mother, Fawnfrost.

I glanced over at Flamestar before feeling the sharp pain for him seep deep into my heart. "Flamestar?"

"What?" He grumbled, turning his head away from me.

"Did you loose a life from the fall?" I whispered softly, fearing his response.

"Of course I did, mousebrain! I couldn't survive that collapse even if

I was invincible." He snapped, glaring at me bitterly.

Jumpingjay turned his head behind him when he heard Flamestar's answer and slowed to take pace with his leader. "Flamestar... Did you see StarClan?"

Flamestar cringed, holding in his anger. "Of course not. They've abandoned me and my Clan."

I held my breath at his words, frightened that there could be a possibility that he was right.

"Flamestar, how many lives do you have left?" Jumpingjay questioned nervously, his voice straining.

The red tom glanced up and halted as if he were thinking, before going back to his slow pace of walking, not meeting the deputy's gaze. "One." He whispered stubbornly.

I could feel my heart plummet in a painful darkness to realize that my leader was on the verge of death.

Jumpingjay paused for a moment to mutter something to Ashcloud before he sluggishly padded away in a mourning as if the leader had already died.

I gently rested my tail on Flamestar's back, giving him a gentle look before helping him up a steep hill that dipped down into the beginning of a sand caked land.

Ashcloud glanced behind her at the struggling Flamestar, hearing his grunts of effort and my motivating words. "Are you hurt?" She asked, worry buzzing in her voice.

"I'm fine." The tom snapped, his legs scrabbling underneath him while his injured leg bent at an unnatural angle, the dirt and grass being thrusted away by his efforts.

"No, Flamestar, you're not. You must've broken or tweaked your leg." Ashcloud hissed, helping me by padding by his side and heaving him upwards.

Flamestar grunted, giving in to the medicine cats help.

We managed to reach the top of the hill and guide him along the rest of the path, being greeted by ash-covered and singed trees and flowers, finally reaching the camp.

By the expressions on the cats in camp, I guessed they must've noticed the rugged pelt of Flamestar and the frightened faces of the rest of us.

We strolled in camp with our tails trailing behind us while the cats in camp divided to let us through. Flamestar left my side and slowly limped up the Pointed Ledge.

I watched him wistfully as he stared down at his already gathered Clan, his leg poking out awkwardly.

"I've had it with StarClan." He spat angrily, his fur bristling with rage.

"They've killed too many of my warriors..." He choked on his words before continuing and glaring into the forest bitterly.

"I'll show them..." He growled mischievously.

Silence rang through the air as he studied his Clan. He glanced over at the prisoner's den and I knew exactly what he was about to announce, and I sure was not going to enjoy it.

"Because of the many deaths, I vowed I was going to bring in three new warriors if I had to." Flamestar spoke loudly, his voice echoing through out the camp.

Curious glances were exchanged among everyone as they turned to follow where his gaze was leading towards.

"Bring Snowfall, Sydney and Dying Soul to me." Flamestar demanded.

Tigerflower and Acornfall got to their paws since nobody else bothered to do so and they bounded over to the prisoner's den.

They helped the captives out of their den before carefully guiding them up to the Pointed Ledge.

Flamestar dipped his head to the two warriors before turning towards the three confused prisoners.

"Today you will be joining the Clan."

Shocked gasps filled the atmosphere, some excited and some disappointed. Snowfall and Sydney gave a sly smile as they dipped their head to Flamestar while Dying Soul blinked in surprise.

Flamestar cleared his throat before signaling for Dying Soul to step forward while starting the ceremony immediately, his voice weak and effortless. "I, Flamestar, leader of FlameClan, call upon my warrior ancestors to look down on this captive. He has gained the respect from our Clanmates and has learned the ways of your noble code, and I commend him to you as a warrior in his turn. Dying Soul, do you promise to uphold the warrior code and to protect and defend your Clan, even at the cost of your life?"

Dying Soul glanced around awkwardly, unsure of what to say. "I do." He stammered confusedly.

Flamestar ignored his uncertainty. I watched nervously as Flamestar grimaced in an effort to control his anger towards StarClan and be respectful to the upcoming warriors. "Then by the powers of StarClan, I give you your warrior name. Dying Soul, from this moment on you will be known as Lurkingshadow. StarClan honors your honesty and we welcome you as a full warrior of FlameClan."

Cheers erupted through the Clan while I sulked in silence, along with Featherflight and Duststorm.

I glimpsed around to spot Sandpatch kneading the ground nervously, his ears flicking as he stared at Snowfall who was gazing ominously at the Clan.

Flamestar shook off his anger that was knotted in his pelt and awkwardly signaled for his daughter to come forward.

Sydney stared at her father uneasily before finally coming close to

him and scoring her claws across the slate underneath her paws.

Flamestar watched her intently before continuing the ceremony. "I, Flamestar, leader of FlameClan, call upon my warrior ancestors to look down on this captive. She has gained the respect from our Clanmates and has learned the ways of your noble code, and I commend her to you as a warrior in her turn. Sydney, do you promise to uphold the warrior code and to protect and defend your Clan, even at the cost of your life?" Flamestar grumbled, staring at his daughter with uncertainty.

I shook my head angrily, confused by why he was doing this. *There were still plenty of warriors in the Clan! You can even see the fear in his eyes when he looks at Sydney... All of these cats almost killed him! He's lost his mind.* I thought with contempt.

Sydney glared at her father. "I do." She meowed boldly.

Flamestar shifted his paws. "Then by the powers of StarClan, I give you your warrior name. Sydney, from this moment forward you will be known as Blankheart. StarClan honors your skill and we welcome you as a full warrior of FlameClan." The leaders voice seemed to have quickened when he mentioned Silverpelt's residents.

Blankheart scornfully glared at Flamestar, despising her name, before it quickly vanished and she smiled towards the crowd, her anger professionally hidden.

Congratulations echoed among the Clan before Flamestar could call up Snowfall.

And when he finally did, I had to bite my tongue and keep steady while my claws dug into the dirt underneath me to calm myself.

"I, Flamestar, leader of FlameClan, call upon my warrior ancestors to look down on this captive. She has gained the respect from our Clanmates and has learned the ways of your noble code, and I commend her to you as a warrior in her turn. Snowfall, do you promise to uphold the warrior code and to protect and defend your Clan, even at the cost of your life?" Flamestar questioned, his tail tip flicking.

I glared at my mother in anger and I could feel the rage bubble up inside me as she held a collected smile.

How dare she think she's apart of FlameClan again? Cats like her don't deserve second chances... I snarled to myself, drawing lines in the dirt underneath me with an outstretched claw.

My heart started to pound when I heard her speak "I do," while the Clan stared up at Snowfall with welcoming eyes.

How could they accept her again? After what she has done?

My thoughts were interrupted when a bitter Flamestar continued the ceremony. "Then by the powers of StarClan, we welcome you as a full warrior of FlameClan. StarClan honors your sacrifice and love."

I felt my heart snap when Flamestar spoke her verities and my anger rose to a level that I could hardly control.

Her sacrifice? Her love? Is he purposefully trying to make me angry, like the time he embarrassed me during training when I was only an apprentice? I wondered resentfully.

Snowfall glanced down at me and my litter-mates, a cheerful smile written on her face as she padded down the Pointed Ledge.

Cheers of welcome boomed through out the camp as the FlameClan cats cheered their names; "Lurkingshadow! Blankheart! Snowfall!"

I curled my lip in disgust before bounding up the Pointed Ledge in a matter of seconds, my head spinning and my eyes filled with contempt.

All my surroundings seemed to have disappeared when I came face to face with my bitter leader.

"Flamestar, how could you possibly do this? These cats tried to kill you!" I spat at him, my claws scoring vigorously on the stone.

"I don't care if they did." He replied coldly, staring at me blankly. "We need more warriors."

"Are you mouse-brained? You have enough warriors! Plus, Snowfall made my life fall apart, you foxheart, and now you welcome her in the Clan with open paws? How dare you? I thought you cared about me!" I snapped, not giving up.

For a moment I thought I saw Flamestar's eyes soften, but it ended almost instantly when he let out a snarl. "Everything is about you, isn't it, Cleardawn? The world doesn't revolve around you! Grow up! You think you're the only one that has it hard? Well think again! You're lucky your mother wasn't actually dead. I watched my own daughter kill my mother. I watched my Clanmates fall in front of me. Have you even thought for a second about how difficult it could be for other cats you love?" He scowled, his eyes narrowed daringly.

I stepped back in shock, stunned by his response that expressed feelings I was unaware of. I didn't know what to process, and for that reason I didn't reply.

Flamestar scoffed and shook his head. "I thought you were different, Cleardawn." He meowed, before vanishing inside the shadows of his den.

I slowly sat down in front of the gap to his cave, processing what just occurred and repeating his words in my head.

Did that really just happen? Does he really think of me that way? I wondered dreadfully, my face scrunching up as I realized that sometimes I was selfish.

I hesitantly turned around, flicking my tail in dismay before strolling down the Pointed Ledge again to be greeted by the sight of my littermates, Sandpatch and Snowfall all chattering with serious expressions on their face.

I felt my muscles tense to see my family reunited again, and I slowly stalked towards them uneasily.

Sandpatch turned his head when he spotted my presence, not objecting to the fact that I was joining in on the conversation.

Snowfall slowly trailed off on the sentence she was on and examined me thoroughly . "Hello, Cleardawn."

I tried my best not to snarl at her, my eyes narrowed and my lip begging to curl. "Hello, *mother,*" I greeted mischievously.

She gave me a sly glance as she knew I wasn't going to attack her, for she was now a part of the Clan and I was no threat. At least, not in her eyes.

Duststorm and Featherflight shared a glance with each other before uneasily shuffling to stay close to me.

"Don't you dare show your hatred towards her." Duststorm spat in my ear, his eyes filled with seriousness. "I mean it, Cleardawn. You know what she's capable of."

I glared at my brother regretfully before hastily turning my head away, the old memories of his rudeness towards me blooming back to life.

I met Snowfall's gaze as she stared at me softly, however not in any form a loving manner.

Only she could see my expression as I sneered at her from an angle, my eyes blazing.

She chuckled to herself and shook her head as if my anger was amusing to her.

She's so arrogant. I thought to myself, my hate for her slowly refilling.

I don't know how long I could stand the fact that she got a second chance...

And that she was once again, my mother.

***

A few moons have passed since Snowfall joined the Clan and the camp and territory are thriving again, slowly transforming back to

its original look.

Prey was plentiful and the slight conflict between the Clans have dissolved.

However, Flamestar was still in his daze. He would always be late to respond and his humorous self seemed to be lost, wandering in a dark forest and trying to get out.

My hopes in him was draining, and the Clan seemed to have grown weak without their wise leader to guide them. Even if the camp was thriving, the cats living inside of it weren't.

Since the captives ceremony, Bumblekit and Larchkit were now apprentices and Tigerflower has moved into the nursery, expecting Acornfall's kits.

Thankfully, Jumpingjay has been 'promoted' to be the co-leader and has been doing a fantastic job of doing both leader duties and deputy duties.

Everyone seems to be looking up to the small tom as if he has already become leader, and FlameClan's strength has slowly been revealing itself once more.

I was lounging near the nursery, the memories of being a kit flashing in front of me as I imagined my friends and I playing cheerfully.

What if Snowfall hadn't ran away? I wondered curiously, my claws pocketed in small holes in the dirt that I had just made.

I glanced up at the sky to see the clouds whirling themselves around the sun, blocking the light that shined a great warmth.

The clouds were gray and heavy, and I expected them to come falling down to the earth as if they had too much rain soaked inside of them.

I got to my paws, eager to stay dry, and sent a silent prayer to StarClan that a storm wasn't brewing again.

Our ancestors haven't once visited Ashcloud or Flamestar, as from what they have reported, and I never sensed the presence of one starry figure since the collapse of the wall.

I skidded inside the warriors den to be greeted by Acornfall and Featherflight excitedly chattering about the toms upcoming kits.

They greeted me with flicks of their tail before returning to their conversation.

I swerved through the many nests carefully lined around dug'n up pits, reaching mine and circling around the moss bedding before finally curling up and resting my muzzle on my paws.

I stared out into the blackening camp, cats still wandering around as if the upcoming rain wasn't going to bother them.

Before I could rest my eyes, I saw Acornfall leave from the call of his name and soon come back to acknowledge me.

"I was assigned to take you to Flamestar with Snowfall." The tom spoke broadly, his cheerful self gone as he stayed collected for his leader.

I nodded, my eyes brightening at the thought that Flamestar may be giving out orders.

I padded outside of the warriors den, a slight breeze buffeting against my fur as I stalked towards my leader who was waiting patiently.

"Hello, Flamestar!" I purred, my eyes shining in an effort to make him happy.

However, it didn't work. His eyes were still blank and he stared at me as if I wasn't even there.

"Greetings, Cleardawn." He replied after moments hesitation.

"How are you?" I asked carefully, not wanting to offend him or make him distraught.

"I'm fine." He growled, his voice rumbling in an effort to stay defensive.

Obviously, I knew he was lying. However, I ignored it so I wouldn't make him more enraged.

"Where's Snowfall?" Flamestar spat irritatedly, his claws scraping against the dirt underneath his paws as a slight shower of water started to sprinkle on top of our pelts.

As he spoke, Acornfall's dark pelt appeared with the seemingly transparent figure of Snowfall as they approached us.

"Here you go, Flamestar!" Acornfall acknowledged, trying to be polite.

Flamestar dipped his head. "Thanks."

Acornfall was about to pad off when the red tom stopped him with a stomp. "Don't leave. I didn't dismiss you."

The brown tom turned around, tilting his head curiously while waiting patiently, his ears flat against his head as he tried to avoid the rain getting into his eyes.

"You three are going on a hunting patrol." Flamestar announced, glaring at Snowfall and me as if he was asking for us not to argue.

Acornfall shifted his paws nervously. "Er, Flamestar? Jumpingjay assigned me to go on a border patrol with Duststorm and Stormstrike. The borders haven't been checked since dawn."

Flamestar grunted. "Alright, go with them I guess. You two are going alone."

I stiffened. "Flames–"

"Don't. Cleardawn, I mean it." He paused before leaning towards me, out of Snowfall's hearing range. "Everyone else has accepted and welcomed Snowfall and the rest of the captives into the Clan, including Duststorm and Featherflight, except you." He hissed, his wet muzzle brushing against my ear.

He pulled away and padded towards his den without another word, and all I could do was obey my leaders orders and go hunting with Snowfall... in the rain.

Great.

I sighed and turned towards my mother who seemed to be excited to reunite with her distant daughter, but I ignored it and padded away towards the camp entrance. "Come on." I sneered.

The pattering of paw-steps behind me signaled that she was listening and following me.

I felt like I was in control, which gave me a boost of confidence as I swiftly stalked through the wet grass.

"So, how've you been? I've never gotten the chance to really talk to you since... Well, since your kithood." Snowfall questioned, her voice wary.

I scoffed to myself. "Oh, I've been wonderful. It's great to know that my mother, who betrayed me and left me, is welcomed into the Clan with no worries and welcomes. Life's been great." I exaggeratedly replied, rolling my eyes to myself and flicking my tail.

I heard the long sigh from my mother and the scuffling of her paws, and I stopped to turn towards her in frustration.

"Really? A *sigh*? That's all you have to say to me? A simple, effortless sigh?" I stammered, my thoughts whirling as I came close to her.

She stared at me with distraught. "I just sighed. I know what I did to you was wrong, but I truly thought I was going to become a victim to Sandpatch. I was afraid." Snowfall explained, trying to comfort me with a pat from her tail.

I pushed her away angrily, my eyes narrowed. "If you were so afraid of your mate, otherwise known as my father, why didn't you take your kits with you?" I spat, my claws curving into the wet mud underneath me as thunder crackled in the air.

"I... I wasn't thinking straight at the time. I was too haunted by all the fear and anger, I didn't think of the pain you and your littermates were going to experience." Snowfall insisted, the slight fear in her eyes as she knew I was engulfed in rage.

"You hurt so many cats, Snowfall. Not just me. Not just Featherflight and Duststorm. You betrayed the whole Clan. You went too far. I don't understand how they can accept you." I exclaimed, my eyes frantically blinking in an effort to get rid of the rain.

"I've said my apologies, Cleardawn!" Snowfall pleaded, her eyes expectant.

"Not to me you haven't. Or at least you didn't say it thoroughly." I chided.

"Cleardawn, you don't understand, do you? I loved you. I still do. It hurt me so much to do this to you, but I had no choice..." Snowfall explained sadly.

"But you did!" I snarled, gaining up on her. "You had many choices, Snowfall! You could've acted before Sandpatch killed Dog Bone. You could've came back. You could've been my mother again." My eyes watered as I stared at the frightened Snowfall.

"It's not that easy. I made a mistake that I regret with my life."

"Surely not. I could see the evil in your smile when you traumatized those other cats. You used them for something horrible. You tried to kill Flamestar, the one cat who I considered a father. You knew how close I was to him." I hissed, my words strained.

"I'm sorry!" Snowfall blurted out, her fur bristling in defense.

I unsheathed my claws. "Sorry does nothing. My life was filled with the mystery of finding you and all my work was for nothing. I watched your true and good spirit die and fade away. That was the last time I felt a slight bit of love towards you. That feeling will never come back."

Snowfall watched my movements intently. "Cleardawn... My life

was filled with sadness and fear, too. Losing my family was the hardest reality I have ever experienced..."

"Then you shouldn't have left. You think you've felt pain? Honestly, you deserved it. For what you have done to me, your family, and the Clan, you *deserve* it. Do you know how hard it is to live in fear of your own parents? To feel so unloved and unwanted? It hurts, and it would never have happened if you didn't leave."

"Cleardawn... Please, don't do this." Snowfall pleaded, backing up frantically as if she were a helpless kit.

"Don't *please* me. I can't live with the fact that someone who broke my heart, left me, *abandoned* me, gets a second chance by someone you tried to kill. It's ridiculous. I hate you. I cannot live with you in my life anymore." I sneered, lifting my outstretched paw and lashing out at her, scraping my claws across her cheek.

She gasped in shock. "How *dare* you?"

"You deserved that. You know you did." I hissed, growling.

The rain conjoined with her blood as it seeped down her cheek and dripped on the ground. She stepped forward, her eyes blazing. "I could say the same thing about you, Cleardawn. That I hate you. That you don't get it. I could say the same *exact* thing." Before I could reply with an objection, she flung at me with outstretched paws and pinned me to the ground.

She snarled at me, her breath bathing my face as I cringed and raked her belly with my back legs.

She hissed in pain and scratched my ear, clipping it.

I hissed and managed to get away from her grasp to launch myself at her, snarling and spitting while biting her hind leg.

She shrieked and bit my shoulder, holding on as the flesh peeled off.

I screeched in agony as a large piece of skin and fur tore off.

She tried lashing out at my face but I was able to duck, grasping her neck with my teeth and biting down while holding her with my paws.

She gradually started gasping for breath, making me bite down harder, my eyes filled with so much rage I thought they would turn red.

Blood dripped on the ground and dotted my paws, smearing my face and splattering on my pelt as my teeth sunk deeper into her flesh.

I released her when I felt her weight in my jaws, backed up and stared at the limp body in front of me.

My breathing quickened when I realized she was dead.

"What have I done?" I whispered to myself, staring in shock at my bleeding mother.

I padded up to her slowly, prodding her with my paw. "Snowfall?" I stammered, my eyes wide in fear.

I backed up when she didn't respond. "Dear StarClan, what have I done? I could get exiled!" I started pacing, breaking down into silent wails as I feared the worst consequence.

With Flamestar crazy, and Jumpingjay's wise and acceptant self, I could never escape the truth that would be revealed, or the punishment that would be presented to me.

I raced over to a small ditch and dug a large hole big enough for my mother's size, my frantic kicks showing my fear.

The dirt clung to my claws and paws as the mud sprayed against my belly, making my fur crimped and knotted.

I stood staring into the dark hole, the rain creating a small puddle that showed my reflection.

I stared back at myself, realizing I have become what I hate.

I'm a killer. I realized, my nose crinkling up in disgust as I held back my shameful tears. *I killed my own mother. I'm like Sydney... I'm a monster.*

Guilt flooded into my heart and dropped into a dark pool of black as the realization struck home... I just killed my mother...

I weakly padded back to the limp body of my mother, staring at her once more before dragging her body towards the hole I had created.

I heaved her into it, staring at her blank, lifeless eyes before I began to push the dirt on top of her, burying her and hiding her.

I blankly gazed at the covered grave before turning around and heading back to camp.

My life just took a path I never wished to take.

The path of a killer.

The path of keeping secrets.

I stopped in my tracks and stared up into the clouded sky, the rain down-pouring on my face while the blood began washing away.

I cannot believe I have gone from keeping silent about the identity of her 'killer' in her fake death, to keeping secret of her real death.

That was caused by me.

Maybe I was more like Snowfall than I had thought.

And even though I'm ashamed to admit it, I am her daughter.

And mothers and daughters always have their similarities.

(Hey Batcats.
We reached 2k votes, as well as the ending of this book!
Did you like that twist?
I sure did.
Announcements will be made in the 'Final Note' page which is after this part.

I'm so grateful for all the support I have received through out these months, and I just love the eager comments and the large amount of votes.
I appreciate every read, every vote, every comment, and every share.
Thank you so much for this amazing journey of finishing my first book.
I'm so glad to have you here celebrating with me.
I hope you liked this book and the characters, and as always...
Thank you, from the bottom of my heart, for voting, sharing, commenting, and reading this now completed story.
I am forever grateful for your patience and understanding.
Best wishes and love,
~Cleo
Peace ✌□□)